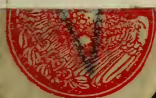


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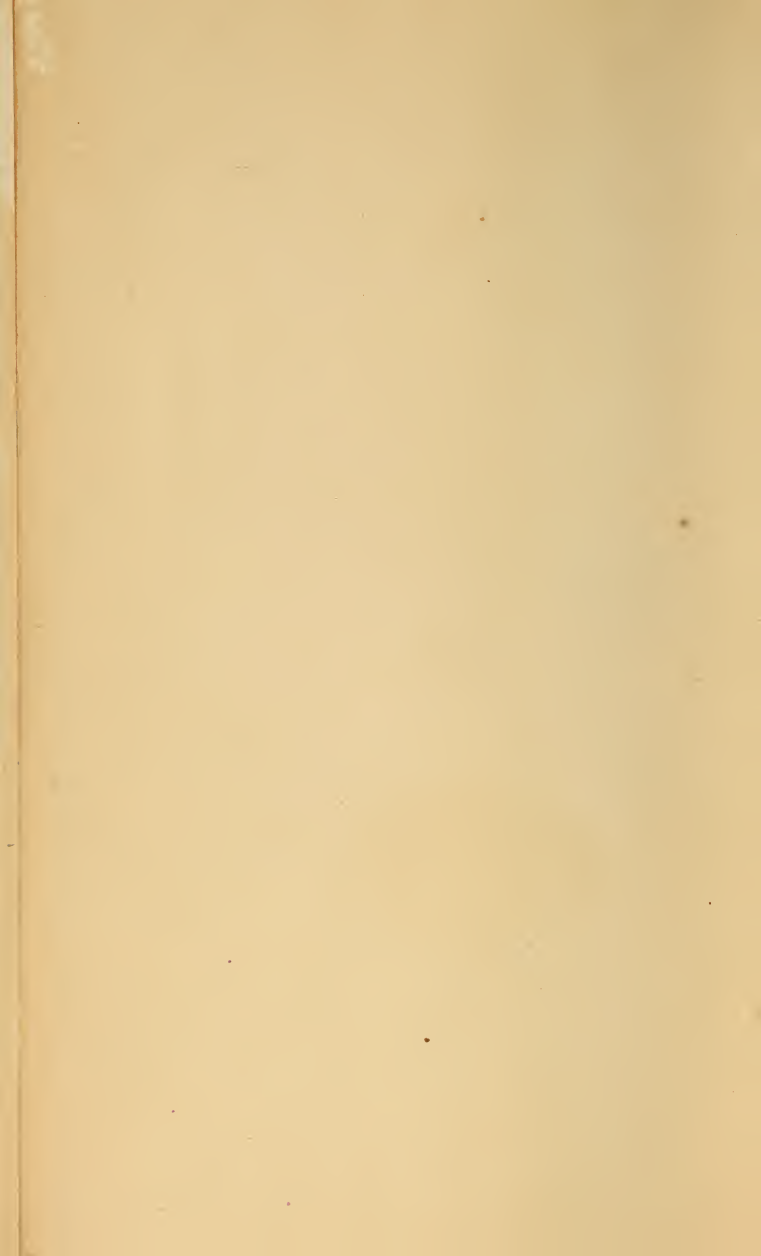


















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# LIFE MEMORIES;

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY

EDWARD SPRAGUE RAND, JR.  
"



BOSTON AND CAMBRIDGE:  
JAMES MUNROE AND COMPANY.

M DCCC LIX.



Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by

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CAMBRIDGE: THURSTON AND TORRY, PRINTERS.



A.M. 5 Aug. 32.

TO

HON. GEORGE S. HILLARD,

THESE VERSES OF LEISURE MOMENTS ARE RESPECTFULLY

Dedicated.







## P R O L O G U E.



HE who from Nature's open book  
Her noblest lesson reads,  
Knows that on earth, as angels look,  
There are no flowers or weeds.

Some blossoms flaunt in colors gay,  
Some wear a dress of green,  
Their duty done, they fade away  
Unnoticed or unseen.

What if it fails our purblind sight  
Their glories to discern!  
'Tis not — the beauty is less bright,  
But — we have more to learn.

And he who seeks for Nature's store  
In valley, wood or field,  
Will find the more he culls, the more  
The lavish seasons yield.



So wandering o'er the field of life  
    With glowing flowerets fraught,  
I pluck from boughs with blossoms rife  
    The opening buds of thought.

I weave no store of blossoms gay  
    Of sunny tropic hours,  
But on fair Nature's altar lay  
    A wreath of simple flowers.

No choice exotics from afar  
    Bloom in my garland twined,  
I bring anemone's fair star,  
    The windflowers of the mind.

If none may feel as I have felt,  
    The pleasure or the pain —  
To Nature kneel as I have knelt,  
    My wreath I twine in vain.

Nov. 1858.



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# L I F E M E M O R I E S .



“ Would you touch the hearts of others,  
First your own must feel the glow.”

SCHILLER.







## LIFE MEMORIES.



### I.

Musing in the fitful twilight, in the shadows of my  
room,  
Mellowed by the pearly beaming from the newly  
risen moon,  
Spirit forms seem flitting round me as the evening  
creeps along,  
And their weird-like whisper ringeth, like the words  
of distant song,  
While the heart's Æolian harpstrings murmur with  
the plaintive lays,  
Which the breath of memory calleth from the lips  
of by-gone days;  
Till the spirit wanders backward in the steps of  
childhood hours,  
When the sky was one fair azure smiling o'er an  
earth of flowers.



All was bright, the kindly warning, morn would  
quickly take her flight,  
Wrapping up her sunny splendor in the canopy of  
night,  
On the childhood's ear fell idle, as the evanescent  
shade  
Starts back from the polished metal wavy, trembling  
and afraid.  
O for childhood trusteth ever, as a brook it hurries  
free,  
Now in shade and now in sunshine, ever bursting  
merrily,  
While big tears befringe the eyelids, round the  
mouth the smile breaks through,  
Like the flowers at early morning, laughing in a  
bath of dew.  
Backward in the fields of memory, lone I wander  
sad and slow,  
Circled by the breath of blossoms dead and with-  
ered long ago,  
And the monotone of spirits soft and low.

## II.

Thoughts and actions long forgotten buried in the  
past's debris,  
From the thickening darkness forming seem. to  
beckon unto me ;



Rosy hopes and high aspirings point with fingers  
bare and lean

To those sunny airy castles, youth's fair dream, the  
*might have been.*

Golden moments gone forever wring their hands  
and hurry by

Like the shadow of a cloudlet, or a dreamer's fan-  
tasy.

And alas, with gloomy visage, opportunities for  
good,

Unimproved and long neglected, rush upon me in a  
flood.

Teeming from the sullen river, rushing back on  
Time's dull wave,

Rise fair aims in ghostly garments, like the marble  
o'er a grave.

Far within the dimmer distance the dilated vision  
sees

Darkening forms in sable vestments, like dull groups  
of fire-killed trees

Stretching out their blasted fingers, clutching stiffly  
at the air,

Nought for shade, in silence telling gloomy legends  
of despair.

Long the train of sin and evil, little faults before  
my eyes,

Stripped of all their beauteous seeming, looming  
now in hideous guise;



Nought were they, of little moment, in the morn-  
ing's reckless dream,  
O but on the evening vision with what baleful light  
they gleam !  
And the mist of distance seemeth, as it makes them  
grow more dim,  
So to lend them fearful stature, giant size in face  
and limb.  
Is this all that memory bringeth ? rouse and drive  
the past away,  
Barring out the gloomy phantoms, live we only for  
to-day !  
Hark upon the darkness stealing gentle sounds of  
music creep,  
Like the zephyr's on the grasses when he sings the  
flowers to sleep,  
Yet so gentle, soft and plaintive, one would weep.

## III.

What the light that glows around me, soft and  
lucent as the beam  
Which the raptured soul transfuses in some holy,  
happy dream ?  
When the spirit flees the body, when the bonds of  
clay are riven,  
So the soul may spring exulting, bathing in its  
native heaven.



All around, above are floating blessed angels clothed  
in white,  
Starry gleams of dazzling splendor, pure effulgences  
of light,  
Each upon the forehead bearing memory of some  
generous deed  
Prompted by some noble impulse, done with scarce  
awakened heed,  
Yet 'twas treasured by an angel as a gem of purest  
ray,  
Jewel on the heavenly record shining for eternal  
day.  
Kindly words from memory's garner careless drop-  
ped nor sought again,  
Yet they filled some gleaner's apron, robbing grief  
of half its pain;  
Cheerful smiles we recked but little, yet they helped  
a weary one  
Bravely to bear up life's burden, undiscouraged  
pressing on;  
Thence the glory beaming o'er me, thence the swell  
of holy song,  
Which through heaven's eternal arches still unend-  
ing sweeps along.  
Angels nearer wave your pinions to the swelling of  
the strain,  
O the bliss to sink in slumber, sleep and never wake  
again!



From this ecstasy of pleasure let the spirit drink its  
fill,  
Nought disturbing, nought intruding, dead the pas-  
sions, drowned the will,  
Conscious of existence only, peaceful, still.

## IV.

Darkness all again around me save upon the check-  
ered floor,  
Where the moonbeams risen higher, silver floods of  
radiance pour.  
Raising me from my reclining, out upon the world  
I gaze  
On the trees in snowy vesture, on the city's beaten  
ways.  
Everywhere the moonbeams whiten, mellowing e'en  
the shadows down,  
As a sunbeam gilds a cloudlet, as a smile breaks  
o'er a frown,  
Touching all the trees' bare fingers, — silvering the  
church's spire,  
Till the vane and silent letters seem white points of  
argent fire.  
Pearly snow and silver moonbeam! how the soft  
effulgence laves  
E'en the marble ghostlike breaking from the silent  
sea of graves,



While the grass in icy shrouding to the wind's cold  
breathing waves,  
Sounding with a solemn music, ringing winter's  
dreary staves.  
Not a voice, or stealing footfall crunching on the  
icy snow,  
And the vision seems to wander down the streets  
of long ago,  
Thro' some old enchanted city, where some Circe's  
magic spell  
Fossilized the sensient myriads by a draught of  
ænomel,  
Or shook poppies, till a slumber death-like on the  
eyelids fell.  
Silence o'er the sleeping city,—silence o'er the  
churchyard drear,  
Quietly the dead and living seem to verge together  
here;—  
Here, the heart is beating ardent, dreams of future  
joy—of bliss;  
There, its pulsings rest forever—why not seek a  
peace like this?  
Rest eternal! storm or sunshine waken not the  
sleepers there,  
Summer with her balmy breathings, Winter with  
his freezing air,  
Spring may scatter violets o'er them, loving hands  
bedeck with flowers,



Will the cold earth give a token, smiling lips re-  
spond to ours?  
If we call them will they answer? though in bitter-  
ness we weep,  
Will the salt tears trickling to them waken their  
eternal sleep?  
Pour out all the stores of loving, utter every fond-  
est tone,  
Where the answer? Death and silence sway a  
sceptre here alone.  
Quiet, peace, or only seeming? O how oft a face  
of glee  
Wreathes a spirit almost breaking with its weight  
of agony!  
Some things brighter seem in dying, fairer growing  
in decay,  
Seem to catch unearthly lustre, shining but to pass  
away.  
Peace, vain spirit, whence thy knowledge of the  
mystery of death?  
Outward quiet may give token of a seething hell  
beneath.  
Rouse! the nicer sense of hearing gradually wanes  
away,  
When the ear in noisy tumult turns itself from  
day to day;  
So amid thy sad complaining, murmurings at seem-  
ing wrong,



Thou may'st lose angelic music, miss some strain  
of holy song ;  
Gazing upward trust in heaven, good or evil,—  
come what will,  
Using blessings still remember, nought is altogether  
ill.

## V.

Nothing ill, no all is blessing, what the future, what  
the past ?  
'Tis the present we are living, in the *now* our lot is  
cast ;—  
Swell the love song, fill the wine cup, drain it dry  
and fill again,  
Death is but annihilation ;— soberness our only  
pain,—  
Fill your glasses,— here's confusion to the sober  
prating crew  
Who exhort to live forever with eternity in view.  
In the present we are living, for the present let us  
live,  
What the paradise of pleasure to the heaven wine  
can give ?  
Closer draw around the table, fill each to his lady  
fair,  
Mistress or betrothed or sweetheart, drain the glass ;  
we little care,



Kiss her cheeks, her lips, her forehead, drink in bliss  
while yet you may,  
For remember in the future worms will kiss the  
same some day.  
Start not! death's annihilation, wherefore shrink  
back from the tomb,  
After life all spent in pleasure, is it hardship death  
should come?  
If there were eternal burnings, wherefore tremble,  
what thy care?  
Will not all earth's great and noble meet at last  
together there?  
Fill the wine cup in the present, drink and dare.

## VI.

Madness! yet no fancy dreaming, what one hears  
and sees full oft,  
Death, eternity, derided, — morals and religion  
scoffed!  
Higher now the moon has risen 'compared by one  
bright star,  
As a lover fond and ardent seeks his loved one's  
bower afar;  
Nearer now they grow together, till he sinks in her  
embrace,  
And his light is lost and melted in the brightness  
of her face.



Once again the lips of Memory whisper to the  
spirit's ear,  
Once again her magic mirror bringeth by-gone mo-  
ments near,  
Slowly floats her plaintive tuning, dirge-like as a  
funeral strain,  
Then, as if in exultation pealing up to heaven  
again;  
Varied is the heart's deep music by the hand that  
sweeps the strings,  
Many are the spirit's measures, thousand-toned the  
notes it sings;  
Gladness with her blithesome touches draws from  
thence as gay a song  
As the vernal robin's carol, echoing the woods  
along;  
While pale Grief with careless fingers calls to birth  
as sad a wail  
As the withered leaflets whisper to the cold No-  
vember gale;  
Breathing notes of things departed, subjects of the  
grave's dark reign,  
Friends and flowers which died together nevermore  
to bloom again.  
Nevermore! O vain delusion, once inspired we never  
die,  
But our round of life rolls onward, on to all eter-  
nity!



Different thoughts, and various natures, strange  
diversities of aim,  
Yet the once divine inflatus is and will be still the  
same.  
How? we know not,—yet the promptings swelling  
upward in the soul,  
Seem at times to rise impatient of the body's base  
control;  
Who has not at purer moments known a burning  
rich desire  
To shake off some unseen fetters, mounting up-  
ward to aspire?  
Seen some spirit-finger pointing upward from the  
base and low,  
Heard some angel whisper telling, "We are wiser  
than we know?"  
O we wrong our better natures living on for earthly  
gains,  
On the anvil of existence ever hammering golden  
chains;  
Feeding the insatiate furnace where we melt our  
shining ore,  
With our spirit's heavenly longings, with our na-  
ture's vital store,  
And the flame licks out our bosoms, leaving them  
as dry and lean  
As the shrivelled water-courses where Sahara's  
breath has been.



We would weigh each noble passion with its weight  
in sordid gold,  
As if aims of heavenly being could be bartered,  
bought and sold,  
As if heaven's enumeration could in mortal coin  
be told!  
I have wandered;—Memory's music echoed in a  
simple strain,  
Time looked back on scattered roses, man became  
a child again.  
Then in life's ecstatic morning every blossom of the  
field  
Seemed to smile on me responsive, golden stores  
of treasure yield.  
Happy birthday of existence, April morn of sun  
and showers;  
O how bright had been my being had I only  
plucked the flowers,  
Many more its happy moments, fewer far its bitter  
hours!  
Morn to night, and night to morning, ever smiling  
looked on me,  
Every year was freighted heavy with a childhood's  
gayety.  
Then a sickness, life's weak taper flickered in the  
chilly breath,  
Wafted from the sullen closing of the ponderous  
gates of death;



Closing on the sable angel bearing with him to the  
gloom,  
A fair morning glory blossom withered ere the heat  
of noon.  
Yet by holy intuition every sorrowing spirit knew  
'Twas a blossom but transplanted, only faded from  
our view.  
Life was flickering, yet the taper burned again with  
steady light;  
Life was young and youth was ardent, thirsting  
for some new delight,  
So the boy in wandering onward never dreamed of  
night.

## VII.

O how lightly Time's swift pinion touches on some  
years of life,  
How the weeks and months flit onward, every mo-  
ment pleasure rife;  
As to boyhood each to-morrow, seemingly so far  
away,  
Merges yesterday's existence in the pleasures of to-  
day.  
Pause, O Memory, bring before me those bright  
imagings of fame,  
Those that filled each waking moment, and in  
dreamy visions came.



Airy castles, youthful dreaming what might be, yet  
ne'er has been,  
Rainbow-tinted landscapes painted on the future's  
heavy screen;  
Which some power in wisdom holdeth, lest our  
mortal eye should see  
Present happiness embittered by some coming mis-  
ery.  
Onward as in life we wander, faint more dim those  
visions seem,  
Years, like harsh and jarring discords, dissipate the  
pleasing dream.  
Even Memory's magic touches fail to paint a scene  
as fair,  
Boyhood is the master-builder to rear castles in the  
air.  
Let it build its pleasing fancies, see its eidolon of  
joy,  
Soon, too soon, the world's conscription sounds its  
war-blast for the boy;  
Soon reality impresses fancy in her stern employ!  
Who can sound to others' hearing notes which on  
the boy's rapt ear  
Fell as spirit-music floating down from some ethe-  
real sphere?  
We can know, yet ne'er may tune them; treasure  
them within the breast,



Mortal tongue may never utter, 'tis the spirit's sweet  
behest,  
Heavenly nurture for the spirit by the angels blest.

## VIII.

To recall the boyhood's dreaming all in vain would  
Memory try,  
'Tis like conjuring up to being sounds of elfish  
revelry,  
Gorgeous yet ephemeral flowerets ere the sunset  
die.  
Yet as in some changing tableau bright and brighter  
scenes appear,  
So in life the picture brightens, opening wider year  
by year:  
Now as boyhood gently riseth into manhood's no-  
bler day,  
Other powers exert dominion, unknown spirits em-  
pire sway.  
O that ecstasy of feeling, burning pleasure of the  
soul,  
When young love usurps our being, bends each  
will to his control!  
Every sweet note of existence blends upon his  
magic lyre,  
Vein and artery seem swelling with a stream of  
liquid fire.



Far above our lower being moves the lover on in  
pride,  
Thinking, heeding nought, nor seeing save the loved  
one at his side.  
Some supernal power has woven round his path a  
web so fine,  
That it fails our grosser vision gazing on the veil  
divine ;  
While the spirit's rising feelings form an atmos-  
phere so rare,  
Others dare not, may not breathe it, living in a  
denser air.  
In this inner realm he reigneth, careless of the world  
around,  
Basking in a sun of pleasure, with eternal wreath-  
ings crowned.  
O that love could last forever ! yet, alas, it may not  
be ;  
It would wing the hours of sorrow — give too much  
of gayety,  
To a pathway God in mercy planted round with  
thorn and brier,  
Lest if all the way were flowery, earth-born, we  
might never tire  
Plucking earthly silken blossoms, mindless of  
another sphere,  
Burying our holier promptings with the flowerets  
gathered here.



Youthful love must fade and lessen, yet is never  
wholly lost,  
Like the promised bow it gleameth to the weary  
tempest-tossed ;  
When the sea of life is troubled, when the waves  
of passion roll,  
Bright portrayed upon the blackness in the heaven  
of the soul,  
Calls to mind the hours it brightened in the morn-  
ing past away,  
Then points upward to a heaven glowing in its  
sunny ray,  
Spirit realm, the blest forever, sweet eternal day.

## IX.

When the boyhood's wondering vision viewed the  
mystery of death,  
Fear held wide the straining eyelids, clutching, kept  
the trembling breath,  
Dread, a vague and formless terror big with thoughts  
of personal ill,  
Weighed upon the whole existence, bade each  
rising thought "be still,"  
'Till the tear-drops like a torrent rain engendered  
downward swept,  
Who shall search the inner nature, who shall tell  
us why we wept ?



Then the long and dreary watches in the silence of  
the night,  
When awake we lie awaiting the slow coming of  
the light ;  
How the forms of the departed rise upon the boy-  
hood's sight,  
Closed eyes and pallid features, clothed in shrouds  
of snowy white :  
Just as last he saw them lying ere the coffin lid  
shut o'er,  
Ere they passed from mortal vision, vanishing for-  
evermore.  
How he crowds his clasping fingers close upon his  
shrinking eyes,  
Lest from shrouded forms around him living shapes  
of fear arise,  
Lying trembling, lest each moment he may feel upon  
his head  
The cold touch of icy fingers, or chill breathings of  
the dead.  
These the scenes that flit around him till the morn-  
ing breaketh near,  
So the child's idea of dying rests a ghostly name-  
less fear.  
But in youth maturer learnings swell exuberance of  
thought,  
Each idea is huge with meaning, every thinking  
treasure fraught.



Death, a strange and fearful changing, when the  
    general law of clay,  
Victor like, asserts its mastery, calls the body to  
    decay,  
Drags that form which walked triumphant back to  
    seek its kindred sod,  
Sends the soul on some long journey to find out  
    some unknown God.  
This enough, — no more it seeketh, — pleasure holds  
    some sunny prize,  
Is it wonder youth speeds onward with enchanted  
    eyes ?

## X.

How the east wind's icy blowing chills the early  
    summer hours,  
Bearer of the ocean's message to the shrinking,  
    trembling flowers ;  
So affliction o'er the spirit spreads an all-pervading  
    gloom,  
When the heart's bright flowers are blasted in the  
    east wind of the tomb.  
Then gay youth, so glad and buoyant, crushed in  
    spirit sinks to earth ;  
In bereavement's bitter moments how we lose the  
    hours of mirth.



Once again before my vision, Memory hold thy  
magic glass,  
Yet once more by conjuration let long by-gone days  
repass.  
Sadness veils a May-day morning, born in smiles,  
yet set in tears,  
Darker still that morn appeareth, gazed at through  
the mist of years.  
Heartstrings then were swept so rudely, dirge-like  
requiems ever roll  
Through the long aisles winding onward, whispering  
galleries of the soul.  
Let whate'er of golden fruitage gild the noontide  
of my day,  
Memory of the bitter morning nevermore may pass  
away.  
See in Memory's magic mirror hand in hand two  
children stray,  
Wandering in a flowery meadow, roving on in care-  
less play;  
One, a boy, whose eye dark flashing, tender ever,  
gazed in pride  
On the gentle form, the sister, playing trusting by  
his side;  
Like were they in gaze and bearing, nurtured by  
one mother's care,  
Lulled to slumber by one singing, taught to breathe  
the selfsame prayer;



Yet unlike, for on her forehead, radiant wreathing  
one might trace,  
Twinings of the heavenly chaplet holy spirits ever  
place  
On the brow of those whom heaven destines for a  
higher sphere ;  
Blessed ones, who sent to cheer us, only spend their  
morning here.  
On his brow a darker wreathing, bearing duties to  
be done,  
Fears to conquer, doubts to vanquish, evil aims to  
be o'erthrown ;  
Yet through all the maze of evil ever run a golden  
line,  
Talisman of heavenly twining, augury of love  
divine,  
Telling e'en though often erring, sin and doubt at  
last should cease,  
Life's tempestuous billows wafting heavenward to  
endless peace.  
As the summer days flow onward, brighter grows  
her holy crown,  
Nearer flit the shining angels, kindred spirits seek  
their own ;  
Yet the boy in plucking flowerets bended down-  
ward to the ground,  
Is it strange he missed the omens, heavenly mercy  
spread around ?



When the blossoms' bells were ringing silver mysteries profound,  
Wonder that the ear was heavy to the angels' higher sound?  
Fairer, paler grew her beauty as the evening called each day,  
Like the morning wind-flower, lovely, ere the night to pass away;  
Yet love cast a heavy shadow veiling from our mortal eyes,  
How her pathway was diverging, tending upward to the skies;  
Till at last, one May-day morning, as we gaily wandered on,  
In a winding way we missed her, turned and found the idol gone,  
O, the aloes of affliction, bitterness to rove alone!  
. . . . .  
Gone the floweret, gone the jewel, yet the casket still was left,  
Yet it only told the spirit how its lovings were bereft!  
So with gentle hands we gave it into earth's protecting care,  
Placed it where the grass was greenest, where the flowers were nodding fair;  
Fond affection wept and blessed it, then we turning left it there.



Breathing soft from all around us rose a soul-assur-  
ing strain,  
Some kind angel's unseen fingers poured a chrism  
o'er our pain,  
Told that in the far horizon we should find the lost  
again.  
Now we cheerful wander forward, gazing to those  
distant heights,  
Whence a heavenly ray seems breaking on the  
darkness of our nights ;  
Knowing there in full effulgence beckoning the  
angels stand,  
Feeling she is gazing on us, bright among the spirit  
band,  
Waits to welcome us to heaven with an outstretched  
hand.

## XI.

Rest thee, sister, o'er thy pillow let the earliest blos-  
soms spring ;  
Let the waving of the leaflets to the trees thy  
requiem sing !  
May the brightest insects hover sporting o'er thy  
place of rest,  
Let its oak trees cast the shadow which the violet  
loves the best.



Dewdrops, swell to larger gemming in the mosses'  
scarlet cup,  
Trees, spread thick your leafy umbrage lest the  
sunshine suck them up,  
Let them rest a pearly nectar, for the wandering  
zephyr's wing,  
Or to float the blue-bird's singing, earliest warbler  
of the spring.  
May hepatica's blue flowerets, nodding from their  
leafy bed,  
Breathe the beauty of the sleeper to the leaf buds  
overhead ;  
Then let violets catch the chorus, and the song go  
echoing on,  
Where anemone's pale starrings bend above some  
mossy stone,  
And as Summer weaves her mantle flower-bespan-  
gled, living green,  
Let gerardia's transient blossoms, o'er her bosom  
weeping lean ;  
When stern Autumn sways his sceptre, let the  
feathery asters nod,  
Singing dirges where she sleepeth to the tremulous  
golden rod !  
Then, when Winter casts a garment snowy from his  
icy arm,  
Gently fall, O pearly snowflakes, keep our sister's  
grave from harm.



Rest thee, sister, whatsoever care or woe our lot  
    may be,  
We may gaze above exulting every grief is spared  
    to thee ;  
Thorns and brambles, pain and sorrow, on our path  
    of life increase,  
But thy spirit resteth ever, blest in everlasting  
    peace.  
Yet whate'er our bitter moments, blue-eyed Hope  
    our constant guest,  
Whispers of thy home so glorious, in the mansions  
    of the blest.  
Symphonies of heavenly music breathe of thee, our  
    loved, our own,  
In the swelling of the windharp oft we seem to  
    catch thy tone,  
Howsoe'er bereft, the spirit lives not all alone.

## XII.

To some natures, grief and sorrow are but episodes  
    of pain,  
All elastic, like the willow, they spring back to joy  
    again ;  
Others, like a spreading chestnut, rearing proud its  
    head on high,  
May not bend, and sorrow's whirlwind tears them  
    from the ground to die. . . . .



Youth is like the gentle osier, bowing down to every  
breeze,

Manhood, like the stern Castinea, empress of the  
woodland trees.

Years fled on, as youth was entering into manhood's  
rising way,

Sickness held the longed-for portal, bade the hurry-  
ing footsteps stay.

O intensity of suffering, struggling for the vital  
breath,

Combat stern between two angels, guardian powers  
of life and death!

O the fierceness of the conflict, which should con-  
quer, which should yield,

Utter agony of paining, this weak frame the battle-  
field!

Day by day life's ebbing streamlet sunk within its  
dried-up bed,

Hour by hour the sable angel ope'd the portals of  
the dead!

Such the suffering of body, that a lethargy of  
soul

Seemed upon the past and future dark oblivion's  
shade to roll;

Anything to ease the paining, death or life, what-  
e'er it be,

Differed little, gave it freedom from the awful ag-  
ony! . . . . .



What might be beyond death's river gave the spirit  
little fear,  
Could eternal pains burn deeper than the tortures  
suffered here ?  
Yet from out the soul's dark ocean, memory of two  
forms would rise,  
One a mortal almost worshipped, one an angel in  
the skies.  
Thoughts rose on the spirit's billows how bereaved  
and left alone,  
She would wander sad and lonely when the kindred  
soul had flown ;  
Then the airy fancy pictured how a sister's smile  
would greet,  
What the region, the surroundings, where the part-  
ed souls should meet,  
Then a calm indifference brooded sad and deep.

## XIII.

O that glorious summer morning, swelling pæans  
ringing high,  
Nature's myriad voices blending in one tuneful  
symphony !  
On the very verge of dying, quivering nature gave  
the ear,  
Some supernal power, acuteness, every low drawn  
breath to hear,



Then it caught the smothered whispers, telling ere  
the close of day  
The long contest would be ended, every doubt be  
rolled away,  
Life prevail, or the worn spirit leave a pallid form  
of clay !  
Worn-out Nature's feeble music sounded faintly in  
the strife,  
Then first breathing dread of dying,—clinging  
fondly unto life ;  
As the balmy cooling zephyr caught the perfume  
of the flowers,  
The dull senses felt the beauty of this radiant world  
of ours.  
How the moments seemed to hasten, each one  
clinging to the past,  
Little muffled bells were knelling, one, one nearer  
to the last !  
Chiming to the heart's quick beatings,—pulsing O  
so fast.  
Morning, noon, as dusky evening cast her shadows  
o'er the plain,  
Life blew back the damps of dying, caught her  
quivering wand again ;  
Yet so nearly had the sceptre lost its potent magic  
power,  
Servient spirits came but slowly, lingered tardy  
hour by hour ;



Yet as evening grew to morning, as the morning  
called the eve,  
Busy hands in secret working seemed the web of  
life to weave;  
As the body slowly quickening, mental faculties  
called out,  
'Scaping from the chains of sickness, they went  
ranging all about,  
Bringing back such stores of knowledge to the over-  
burdened brain,  
Oft they thought life's lamp was flickering, death's  
reprieving all in vain.  
'Twas but transient, soon the spirit comprehended  
in its ken  
Every thought, and searched all curious, musing  
what the past had been,  
Glad, exulting, turning boldly in the common paths  
of men.

## XIV.

Boy religion, 'tis a feeling soulward wafted from  
afar,  
Of mysterious unknown beings, wiser, greater than  
we are,  
Calling longings from the spirit as the south wind  
calleth flowers,  
Consciousness of unseen angels flitting o'er this  
world of ours.



Vague and undefined believing, yearning for some  
good, unsought,  
In the soul's deep niches treasured, far beyond the  
light of thought.  
By this inner impulse prompted, high aspirings up-  
ward rise,  
As the crocus openeth sunward, smiling from its  
dewy eyes;  
And the spirit joins the pæan, endless praise which  
never dies,  
Swelling up from Nature's bosom, chorus of exist-  
encies.  
Nature praiseth her Creator, various the voice and  
tone,  
Every leaflet, every flower bud, swells an anthem  
of its own;  
Could our ears but catch the music, hear the lofty  
trees around,  
Like the pipes of mighty organs, raise a melody of  
sound;  
Vain! the spirit's voice too early blends no more  
in Nature's praise,  
Far too soon it grows discordant, makes a jarring  
in her lays.  
Old and pleasing runs the legend that o'ershadow-  
ing Orpheus' grave,  
Bay and myrtle intertwining shining wreaths of  
leaflets wave.



There the closer Philomela builds among the sacred  
trees,

So the sweeter floats her singing, borne upon the  
evening breeze.

Thus the more the soul retaineth of the purity of  
youth,

Freer float the songs of gladness, fewer fall the  
tears of ruth.

Spirits clinging unto Nature rise above the laws  
of time,

Read the mysteries of creation chronicled in books  
sublime,

Learn to know that every creature, e'en though low  
its station be,

Brings a lesson for their reading, teaching for eter-  
nity.

Beauty here is but foreshadowing of the glories we  
shall see,

When the touch of death shall open present to  
futurity.

Yet how myriad souls plod onward, stifling each  
holy fire,

Even love's enkindling embers deadening with ac-  
cursed desire,

Checking every holy prompting, trampling the blos-  
soms down

Which by tears and praying nourished, might be  
wreathed a heavenly crown ;



Spirit blossoms which expanded breathe a prayer-  
ful incense up,  
Till the bright peace angels hovering, nestle in each  
flowery cup;  
Bid the stormy winds of passion lull them into  
perfect peace,  
As stern billows sink recumbent, when the tempest  
chafings cease.  
Check thou not the boy's religion, though the  
branch may ramble wild,  
Nurture it with prayer and watching, 'tis the talis-  
man of the child,  
Charm against the myriad evils which the path of  
life may show,  
Glass reflecting lurking vipers where the flowers of  
pleasure glow,  
Finger pointing onward, upward through the mists  
that cloud our way,  
To where God's eternal sunlight drowns all doubt  
in perfect day,  
Where our hopings find fruition, bliss is lost in  
ecstasy.

## XV.

What a pregnant hour for boyhood when it launches  
forth in life!  
Youth is past, and manhood opening, eager to begin  
the strife;



Goal of young ambition's longings thence the  
chariot race to run,

O how smooth the course appeareth, brightly shines  
the unclouded sun.

Eagle-eyed the boy looks forward; why should  
obstacles impede?

Has he not the power to conquer, wherefore should  
he not succeed?

O, alas, how slight his knowledge of the barriers  
that arise,

What the dangers to be compassed ere he gain the  
wished-for prize!

Youthful trials have failed to teach him, in this  
troublous world of ours,

Dregs are in the sweetest nectar, thorns upon the  
fairest flowers.

What the need to look to others; has he not the  
will to do?

Hope is whispering of the future, holding some  
mirage in view,

Some fair prospect, bright illusion, leading on and  
ever on,

O how soon the straining vision only looks to find  
it gone!

Why should he in manhood's springtide heed that  
many souls have failed,

So much more for him to conquer in a fight where  
others quailed!



Little recks he how their envy spreads a net about  
his feet,  
That their hidden arts are working, crafty for his  
own defeat.  
Vain advice and useless warning, if he win, he  
gains a name,  
One to echo ever onward through the clarion of  
fame;  
If he fail, he sinks forgotten like an airy morning  
dream,  
Worn, defeated, he falls backward, gasping in  
Time's inky stream,  
Where some darkened wave breaks o'er him, blot-  
ting his existence out,  
As a tiny boat is swallowed in a swelling water-  
spout.  
Thus the life of many passes like a will-o-wisp at  
night,  
Flitting o'er Time's oozy marshes, shining for a  
moment bright,  
Then dispersed, an empty vapor, vanishing from  
sight.

## XVI.

Over Memory's magic mirror figures wander now  
no more,  
Past within the present merging joins the *now* to  
days of yore.



As the snail upon the window prompts a low mysterious sound,  
Wondering we start from slumber, gazing wildly all around,  
Yet see nothing save the moonbeams and the shadows of the trees,  
Shimmering upon the carpet to the fitful evening breeze ;  
Then as creeping back to slumber thoughts of weird unearthly things,  
Wondering fancy to the spirit in a brimming chalice brings ;  
Sleep or wake, our nature feedeth on a strange mysterious food,  
Of the wonderful that might be, of the things not understood.  
So when o'er the glass of Memory acts and thoughts long vanished glide,  
A shrill music wakes the spirit from the rest of eventide ;  
Then the past usurps the present, and the moan of wasted days  
Floats upon the spirit's slumber like the bittern's wailing lays,  
Telling tales of crumbling ruins, temples half engulfed in sand,  
All o'ergrown with weeds and brambles, scattered with youth's lavish hand.



In those silent midnight moments, pale Repentance  
at the door,  
'Tells those ruins may be builded, the wild gardens  
bloom once more ;  
But the soul to slumber turneth, leaves the past with  
all its wrecks,  
Dreams of sunny future landscapes which no cloud  
of sorrow flecks,  
And awaking to the present some new flowery  
altar decks.  
All is written — life's experience bound in scanty  
chains of rhyme,  
Bells that rung at sunrise gaily, now in golden  
evening chime,  
Now in silence rests the spirit as in former time.









FUGITIVE PIECES.







## THE DEATH OF LOVE.

---

WE had no quarrel ; — not a jarring word  
E'er floated down the current of our joy,  
The summer day sped as in by-gone time,  
With nought to mar its beauty, and the trees  
Poured their rich canopy of glistening leaves  
Around us as we walked, and seemed to speak  
In gentle whispers words of peace and love.  
Our words were loving, and our every tone  
Seemed swelling with a depth of tenderness,  
Each look told deep affection, yet the soul  
Grew sick and lone, but why we could not tell.  
Then day by day as still we met the same,  
A gradual coldness seemed to pour itself  
Upon the warmer feelings of the heart,  
And check affection's buddings, as late snow  
Chills the faint blushings of the apple flower,  
And blights the promise of the dawning spring.  
Then the sweet tones once filled with tenderness  
Grew commonplace, and for the hand's warm grasp  
And gentle pressure, came a formal clasp,



As if the fingers' ends had never thrilled  
With the hot current at a loved one's touch.  
Our thoughts and dreams, which erst had ever run  
In one same channel, fringed with tender flowers  
Of fond affection, now o'erflowed the bound,  
Uprooted every floweret, and outpoured  
To wander wild in common paths of men.  
We felt the change, yet might not stay its course,  
Knew all was past, and gazed upon the wreck,  
As some lone sailor, on a sea-beat rock,  
Beholds the dull insatiate waves engulph  
All that to him had promised future hope ;  
Or as on far horizon's distant verge,  
He views some welcome sail, which larger grows  
As every breeze and billow wafts it on,  
Till, just as eager hope has soared to heaven,  
And every promise of salvation blooms,  
The ship tacks round, sails slacken, then refill,  
Hope fadeth in the vaulted void of sky,  
And sighing billows mock his feeble moan.  
No words had told the change, yet each soul knew  
Some frost had blackened the young flowers of love,  
And then the snow of cold indifference  
Fell chill upon the barren garden of the heart,  
To seal the death of love.

Yet even now,  
Tho' years have hardened all that once was young,  
Oft tender winds of longing thaw away



The snowy rime, and as on Alpine heights,  
When spring's soft breezes kiss the melting snows,  
The gentle flowerets bloom on icy verge,  
'Twining a wreath for the cold glacier's brow,  
So on the frozen hill-sides of the heart  
Still gentle flowers may bloom, yet only serve,  
As Alpine blossoms to the wanderer's mind  
Call recollections of his sunnier clime,  
To tell fond memory of the flowers that were  
The spirit's wreathings in the long ago.





## THE OLD ELM.



### I.

I LOVE the elm, that grand old tree,  
Its waves of leafy tracery,  
It has a sacred voice for me,

To lift the veil of by-gone years,  
Dispel the mist of shading tears,  
Of bitter doubts, and boding fears.

And through the clouds that intervene,  
Displays a picture, fair, serene,  
In the bright moments that have been.

I see in vision far away,  
Six merry children careless play,  
As blithesome as a summer's day.

Four with dark eyes and raven hair,  
Seem glow of sunnier climes to wear,  
A proud bold look to do and dare.



Two with fair locks and azure eye,  
Look peace and calm serenity,  
A soul at rest, yet soaring high.

Unlike in action, mien and air,  
Yet all had claimed one mother's care,  
Both raven lock and flaxen hair.

And the old elm 'neath which they play,  
Sings to each soul a different lay,—  
Yet binds them all in harmony,—

And bending down each leafy tress,  
Seems twining all in loveliness,—  
A gentle, loving, mute caress.

O guardian elm,—protecting tree,  
Tell, shall each coming summer see  
Each soul in pristine purity?

Shall gentle flowerets ever dress  
Each silken lock and raven tress  
To gem a brow of comeliness?

Tell — 'twas a summer zephyr's sigh  
Fell on my ear, then wandered by,  
All faded in obscurity.



## II.

Clouds darkly lowered, then all was night,  
It brightened, and upon my sight  
Arose the vision fair and bright.

'The scene the same, the fond old tree  
Waved its young leaves in gayety,  
To breathe a welcome unto me.

Yet saddened seemed the zephyr's tone,  
From the old tree a love had flown,  
*The five played on,—the one was gone.*

And in the children's flowery wreath  
Each bud had felt a chilly breath,  
And mourned as it had gazed on death.

And the old tree in grief profound  
Poured rainy tears upon the ground,  
Whence violets sprung up all around.

A cenotaph of Nature's hue,  
With architrave of heavenly blue,  
In spring's young breezes ever new.



Yet as I gazed I seemed to see  
A shade of dim obscurity  
Floating around the leafy tree.

The angel spirit that had flown  
Seemed pouring a rich blessing down,  
The unseen guardian of its own.

As the rich benison touched each flower,  
The drooping blossoms owned the power,  
And laughed in blessing of the hour.

It circled as a chaplet blest,  
By holy angel spirit prest,  
Upon each lovely brow to rest.

And as the clouds swept o'er the scene,  
My spirit owned a calm serene,  
A blessing from a hand unseen.

The old elm tree's encircling care  
Wound in its arms five children fair,—  
My spirit saw another there.



## III.

Years passed away : I gazed once more,  
The scene seemed sadder than before,  
The elm drooped downward as of yore.

Four children only roved below,  
Their cheeks had lost the sunny glow,  
The wreath had faded on each brow.

And from the old tree's leafy tongue  
A sad and solemn dirge was sung,  
A requiem for the fair and young.

A frost across the flowers had passed,  
A sullen cloud a shadow cast,  
Whence tears of rain fell thick and fast.

Yet as I gazed I seemed to see  
Two shades of dim obscurity  
Floating around the leafy tree ;

And on the sombre gloom impinging,  
A golden beam the cloud seemed tinging,  
Its dark expanse with glory fringing.

And floating silent in mid air,  
Two angel spirits wondrous fair,  
Raised from each brow the shade of care.



And the dark tears which dimmed their eyes  
Were borne as jewels angels prize,  
To form the coronets of the skies.

Once more the wreaths renewed their bloom,  
Shedding o'er all a blest perfume,  
Glowing the fairer from the gloom.

And the old tree seemed shining bright  
With diamonds of heavenly light,  
As its boughs tossed in airy flight.

The gentle flowers the influence feel,  
And on the cushioned mosses kneel  
In thankfulness for heavenly weal.

The clouds swept by, the scene was gone,  
But to my spirit breathed a tone —  
“The loved are never left alone.”

#### IV.

Years passed away, — I gazed once more,  
The scene was sadder than of yore,  
The elm drooped downward as before.



The children, grown to riper years,  
Had felt the weight of human fears,  
And drained the bitter cup of tears.

In the flower garland on the brow  
Full many a briar had twined its bough,  
And thorns had pierced the forehead now.

Each face was changed: the world's dull care  
Had left its wrinkled traces there,  
Yet haloed by the light of prayer.

For what by mother's lips was taught  
In early youth was ne'er forgot;  
God's love had cheered each bitter lot.

Bright in the heaven a promise bow  
Shed on each soul a varied glow,  
To cheer the spirit drooping low.

At either side that bow to rear,  
The hope to loved ones toiling here,  
The two blest angel forms appear.

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Soon one by one shall flit away  
To join the angel minstrelsy,  
Till all are fled, the bow shall stay.

And as the children's missions cease,  
The shadows of the loved increase,  
Till all are found in perfect peace.

Till all shall pass from here to there,  
Each brow a heavenly wreathing wear,  
Till praise shall swell the note of prayer.

The bow shall fade, — the loved are fled,  
A holy band of blessed dead,  
They meet where love's full light is shed.

And leave to thee, thou fond elm tree,  
But whisperings of memory  
To breathe in silent hours to me.

Oct. 1857.





## THE DIAMOND.



IN a darkened dusty alley  
    Leading from the busy street,  
Where the sunbeam never shineth  
And geraniums in the window  
    Stretch and blanch its ray to meet.

At a window dim and blackened  
    Hung with cobweb tracery,  
I had seen one working, toiling,  
Worn and weary from the working,  
    Toiling sorely day by day.

Yet around him and before him  
    Priceless store of jewels lay,  
The lean fingers dipped in treasure,  
The worn face bent o'er a diamond  
    Sparkling with its costly ray.

Worn the look and bent the figure,  
    Yet upon the pallid brow



Beamed a holy light proclaiming  
Noble thoughts and high aspiring,  
By some heavy weight pressed low.

Once again the diamond's flashing,  
Dazzling glanced upon my eye,  
Where the dancers' feet were flying,  
Where the laugh and jest were ringing,  
In the ball room's revelry.

And my musing thoughts rose upward,  
Shall there be no brighter day  
For the soul crushed down and trodden  
By the iron feet of labor  
In the alley far away?

Shall upon the dark horizon  
No fair star of promise rise,  
Must the heart's pure blossoms wither,  
Fade for lack of sunny shining,  
'The pure influence of the skies!

O awake, ye men of action,  
Stewards, look ye to your care,  
Lest, though earth may smile upon ye,  
In the realm of heavenly glory  
'The poor soul excel you there!



## A U T U M N .



WELCOME thy coming, O glorious light,  
 Catching the tresses of lingering night,  
 Long hast thou tarried while minutes fled by,  
 Yet peeping from star eyes all over the sky.  
 Hail for the asters are waiting thy power,  
 And the autumn born crocus just ready to flower,  
 Sleeps while the breezes 'mid blossoms entwine,  
 'To open its bud to no fingers but thine.  
 O'er the gay earth shed thy influence abroad,  
 Wakening a hymn to the glory of God,  
 While autumn rejoicing a coronet weaves  
 Of the ripening grain and the painted leaves,  
 And shakes from the flowers of her tuberosé wand  
 An incense of perfume all over the land,  
     Welcome, O gentle light.

Over the meadow and over the hill,  
 Up the bare mountain, by murmuring rill,  
 Where the wild ivy its gay tresses flings,  
 And the indian pipe in the barren wood springs.



O'er the low meadows where blackberries twine,  
Bathing the finger like leaves of the pine,  
Lending the gentian a lovelier blue,  
Parent of rain drops, and father of dew,  
Clad in light garments, and waving around  
A vapory wand in night's silence profound,  
Illusive, deceiving, a silvery sheen,  
When the moon on the brow of night's goddess  
serene

Sheds a radiance fair, so the earth seems to gaze  
From an ocean of lustrous silvery haze,  
Stealeth the autumn mist.

Creeping so silently over the land,  
Shaking a powdery dust from his hand,  
Wrapping the glow of the heliotrope's light  
In silvery shrouding of spangling white,  
Whispering cold to the murmuring rill,  
To the river reflecting the moonbeams so still,  
Tinging the forests with colorings rare,  
Dropping the nuts from the chestnuts bare,  
Painting each leaf in a gorgeous dress,  
Hiding its death in its loveliness,  
'Telling verbena the summer is flown,  
While o'er the sad balsams a shadow is thrown,  
Murmuring of icicles, winter and snow,  
Twining the withering leaves for his brow,  
Breatheth the chilly frost.



## SELF-ABASEMENT.



IN early youth's ecstatic day  
My spirit rose so high,  
I thought to build a name to live  
To all futurity;  
Yet in the silence of the night  
The pitying stars gazed down,  
And smiled upon the feeble aims  
Men worship as renown.

I wandered in the whispering wood,  
And breathed my high desires  
To pines which had for ages stood  
Like solemn minster spires.  
And their long fingers raised on high,  
As if in mockery,  
Told they had seen whole races die  
Long ere they gazed on me.



By ocean's shore I breathed my wish,  
Whose waves tossed far on high,  
Their crests of seething, snowy foam,  
As if to scale the sky.  
The sky sloped downward calm and still,  
To meet the angry sea,  
And something to my spirit spoke,  
"A type, vain man, of thee."

I strove for fame, but Nature vast  
Oppressed my rising soul,  
I owned my insignificance,  
To bow to her control;  
And now my spirit owns the truth  
In deep humility,—  
I feel the violet that I crush  
Is greater far than I.

I kneel amid the praying flowers,  
I worship with the trees,  
And turn to God, as young leaves turn  
To catch the evening breeze;  
Can feel an influence in the sky  
The worldly ne'er may know,  
A beauty others ne'er descry,  
A beam of sunny glow.



My spirit clings to Nature as  
The ivy to the stone,  
By myriad secret tendrils which  
The eye may not discern ;  
Has learnt to know whatever path  
The wandering feet have trod,  
Is fringed with flowers that gaze above,  
To drink the smile of God.

Oct. 1857.





## THE FIRST SNOW.



AUTUMN had bound with gold the sheaves,  
And tinged with russet hue the leaves,  
Then cold November's winds had torn  
The forest's liveried dress in scorn,  
And long dark rains, cheerless and drear,  
Had sadly wept the dying year.

The cold lone wind its requiem sung,  
Sighing the pine's dark boughs among;  
The meadow in its sombre dress  
Forgot its summer loveliness;  
And Nature mourned, bereaved and wild,  
Where leaves had waved and blossoms smiled.

The heavy clouds all day had frowned  
Upon the sullen frozen ground  
Till just as evening called the day  
The sun broke forth with flickering ray,  
Then sunk, and canopied in light,  
Left earth enwrapped in clouds and night.



As the long evening crept away,  
We whiled the hours in jests and play,  
Nor heard against the window pane  
The gentle sister of the rain ;  
Nor saw the snow, the wind's new guest,  
Lay its soft cheek on earth's hard breast.

Yet in the morn a fairy scene  
Arose where all so drear had been ;  
We wondered how the sable night  
Could bear a babe so pure and white ;  
And the bright heaven in sunlight smiled,  
In blessing on the new-born child.

Then to my soul some sprite of air  
Breathed silently this legend fair ;  
How a soul mourned that sorrow's power  
Had withered every cherished flower,  
Blasted the spirit's bowers of bliss,  
Blackened the heart's fair comeliness.

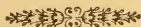
How every gentle hope seemed dead,  
Each glowing joy forever fled,  
While to the eye the future years  
Seemed shrouded in a mist of tears ;  
Beneath the feet were blossoms dead,  
Dark inky clouds hung black o'erhead.



Then burst upon the spirit's sight  
A little flickering ray of light;  
A beam of hope that joy might be  
The guerdon of futurity,—  
Then shadows darkly closed around,  
Making the gloaming more profound.

'Twas but a little hour of night,  
Ere all was bathed in rising light,  
From the dark sorrows of the earth  
A heavenly child had sprung to birth,  
A new-born peace on sorrow's breast  
Lulled fear to calm, and doubt to rest.

And thus I mused; — each bitter ill  
Some holy child engenders still,  
And from the deepest of our woes  
The holiest of our blessings flows,  
Though sad the eve and dark the night,  
A benison comes with morning light.





## THE ANGELS.



I SAW two angels take their flight,  
And both were dark and both were light,  
I gazed intently as to see  
The solving of the mystery.

Each bore a vial in his hand,  
And each a magic starry wand;  
Waved each alternate to and fro,  
To sow the germs of joy or woe.

I gazed, but still the mystery grew  
As changing as the sunset's hue,  
As each soared silent o'er the earth,  
To bury joy, — to hope give birth.

I saw the sons of men grow pale,  
As death was poured upon the gale;  
Some smiling died with outstretched hand,  
I knew they saw the starry wand.



Again, the magic starry wand  
Gave sorrow none could understand,  
Why should prosperity to some  
Shadow the heart in deepest gloom.

To others when the vial of woe  
Blasted their fondest hopes below,  
A holy peace seemed brooding round,  
As they the starry wand had found.

To some each wish's full success  
Brought pain instead of happiness ;  
To others grief, but showed a soul  
Superior to its control.

" Wherefore this miracle," cried I,  
This seeming inconsistency ?  
An answer came from voiceless air,  
" God's mercies double aspects wear,

To those who think and see aright,  
The darkest hour gleams fair with light ;  
To spirits gazing up to heaven,  
A bright reflected glow is given.

While the weak nature bound to earth,  
Grows sad and anguished in its mirth,



And from the tide of full success  
Drains deep the cup of bitterness.

The flying angels only seem  
To cast a shade or starry gleam ;  
The wand and vial are the same,  
And differ only in the name.

The trusting eye will look above,  
And read from all God's changeless love,  
While sceptic vision ne'er may see  
Aught but a cloud's obscurity."





## THE GRANDDAME.



By the door is sitting a granddame knitting,  
The shadows flitting across her brow,  
But her face it is pale and her locks in the gale  
Blow wildly around like an April snow.

And list, she cried, to a youthful bride,  
Who in modest pride was standing near,  
To a story as told by a granddame old,  
A waif from the shipwrecks of many a year.

It was years ago that upon my brow,  
(I can feel them now, tho' they long are dead,)  
They placed the white flowers of the marriage hours  
In the wedding garland around my head.

And the hopes of youth, and the dreams of truth,  
Knew not of the ruth of the coming years,  
And the eye was bright, and the heart was light,  
Nor thought of sorrow nor dreamed of tears.



As the blossoms play through the live-long day,  
In the sunny ray was my spirit glad;  
And my heart tones sung, as the blue bells rung,  
A song unthinking aught could be sad.

And the hours sped on, merging eve in morn,  
Until years were gone, yet our love was bright,  
Then a storm of pain nursed affliction's rain,  
And the sun grew dark in a murky night.

Hast thou seen the blight of a frosty night  
Enshroud the light of the gentle flowers?  
So a shadowing gloom from an open tomb  
Had blackened the blossoms of early hours.

A violent grief may be transient and brief,  
Oft may find relief from the balm of time;  
But when sorrow's frost o'er the heart has passed,  
O what smile may soften the icy rime?

Though years have sped, and the minutes fled,  
Which sorrowing shed on my early hours,  
Still my heart has cherished the blooms that perished,  
The faded blossoms, — the withered flowers.

But a flower has sprung the old graves among,  
Where my joy I hung — a withered bloom —



Like a sacred thing its petals fling  
O'er the evening of life a sweet perfume.

And its odor I feel o'er the senses steal,  
Till my dreams reveal me a vision fair,  
Of a glorious scene where the love that has been  
Is waiting with roses to crown me there.

My eyes that were bright, and my fingers once  
white,  
Have lost their soft light and their whiteness  
you see ;  
But my spirit still young, tells the moment will  
come,  
When the vista of heaven shall open to me.

O beware, she cried, to the youthful bride,  
Lest earth may hide from thy loving eyes,  
The living glow which is cast below,  
As a token of mercy from the skies.

For the laugh will fail, and the cheek grow pale,  
And care will assail as the years creep on,  
Let the spirit's flowers bloom for future hours,  
And the heart may smile e'en if youth be gone.



## CLOUD TRACINGS.



ON a towering rock I'm sitting,  
And the billows at my feet,  
The waves of the broad Atlantic  
In one unbroken sheet,  
Are stretching far before me,  
With nought to let or meet.

Far in the broad horizon  
Unnumbered cloudlets rise,  
And creep with stealthy footfall  
Up the staircase of the skies,  
Casting their shadows dark or faint  
On the sea that 'neath them lies.

Some rise so light and airy  
They leave no shade behind,  
A mantle for a fairy,  
Or a sport for playful wind ;  
How oft, methinks in daily life,  
Such transient souls we find.



Others a broad deep shading  
Impress upon the sea,  
Like souls which print in heavy tints  
The world's deep destiny,  
Who pass, yet leave a lasting trace  
To all futurity.

Fit is the summer cloudlet  
For garments fairies twine,  
In sunbeams it may glory  
With colors all divine;  
But to leave impress on the world,  
Such nobler lot be mine.





## SADNESS.



O MANY may sing of the joys of Spring,  
 Fresh leaves and blooming flowers,  
 The general mirth which o'er all the earth  
 Breaks forth in her sunny hours;  
 As the flowers reply to the breezes' sigh,  
 My spirit is filled with pain,  
 For I muse on the flowers of other hours,  
 Which never may bloom again.

When the grasses look from some sunny nook  
 And hepatica's cups of blue  
 Spread sapphires rare on the hill side bare,  
 To drink in the April dew;  
 When anemones nod o'er the mossy sod  
 To the uvallaria's bell,  
 They sing out a strain of bitterest pain,  
 To my soul a funeral knell.



'Twas a bright spring day when death bore away  
One dearer than aught can be,  
'Twas years ago that we laid her low,  
'Tis as yesterday to me —  
Is it wonder then that the soul can ken  
No joy in a spring tide day,  
That in earth, in air, yes everywhere  
Breathe notes of the passed away?





## S E P T E M B E R .



'Tis the hazy moon of an autumn day,  
 Ere the frost has kissed the flowers,  
 And the south wind's lips to the leaflets say  
 To the reddening maples far away,  
 To the beeches that close 'neath my window play,  
 To the sombre pines and the larches gray,  
 Bright tales of the summer hours.

The lingering smiles of the summer beam  
 A glow o'er the ripening leaf,  
 Like a silver mirror reflects the stream,  
 And the maples o'erhanging as rubies seem,  
 Like blood-red rubies in silvery gleam,  
 While the forests with diamonds of dewdrops teem,  
 A coronal jewelled wreath.

And the shadows dance o'er the grassy ground  
 To the cricket's noontday trill,  
 But ne'er in the depth of the woods profound,



By the brook where the willows weep around,  
On the sunny hillock with asters crowned,  
Where the bluebirds carolled a liquid sound,  
May we list their warblings still.

'Twas a summer hour when they winged their flight,  
When the days were bright and fair,  
And the woods were gleaming with golden light,  
When the stars grew to earth in the still warm night,  
We did not feel they had passed from sight,  
But now when the wood in its shroud is dight,  
We seek for them everywhere.

We seek for the music to pour a strain  
Of joy for the golden year,  
A hymn of joy o'er the garnered grain,  
O'er the liveried trees a gay refrain,  
A triumphant peal o'er the surging main,  
A sweet accord to the autumn rain,  
A dirge for the leaflets sere.

A requiem soft o'er the flowers that died  
In the morning's early bloom,  
Long ere the golden rod waved in pride,  
Or the sunflower glowed on the bare hill side,  
Ere the white Nymphæa like a weeping bride  
In purity rose on the river's tide,  
With a chalice of sweet perfume:



In vain, — they have fled with the summer flowers,  
    Though to memory still they sing,  
But it is not the song from the jasinin bowers,  
The nature tone which each sense o'erpowers;  
Let others rejoice in the autumn hours,  
But to me give the balm of the April showers,  
    And the genial days of Spring.





## THE SHADOW.



A SHADOW moveth at my side  
 Unseen to all around,  
 Like misty, transient forms which glide  
 Up the bare hills, o'er meadows wide,  
 Or brood above the ocean tide,  
 Forerunners of a storm ;  
 At mid of night, at noon of day,  
 It floateth without sound.

I hear no footfall pattering,  
 I view no form or face,  
 No music tones responsive ring,  
 A melody words may not sing,  
 To treasure in the heart's deep spring,  
 A memory evermore ;  
 Yet ever gliding by my path  
 A shadowy cloud I trace.



At dead of night when darkness holds  
    Worlds shaded 'neath her hand,  
When silence in a veil enfolds,  
And subtle sleep our fancy moulds,  
So that the wondering eye beholds  
    A magic world of dream,  
I feel the shade I may not see,  
    Not know, or understand.

It wakes no fear of present harm,  
    Forebodes no future ill,  
My spirit sleepeth soft and calm,  
    As if some sweet, Lethean balm,  
Or melody of heavenly psalm,  
    Were brooding all around ;  
But ne'er more may I be alone,  
    What time or place I will.

Yet oftentimes I dream asleep  
    A gentle one was mine ;  
Oft on my waking moments creep  
Dull heavy pains, benumbing deep,  
The tears o'erflow, in grief I weep  
    For sense of something gone ;  
My fingers leave the flowers of now  
    The past's dead buds to twine.

And then perchance the spirit tells,  
    In whisper soft and low,



A golden legend which upswells  
Far in the depth of Memory's dells,  
    'Neath mosses of the past,  
A legend manna for the soul,  
    A tale of long ago.

And then the spirit rises high,  
    To live life o'er again, —  
Young it looks upward to the sky,  
With hoping gilds uncertainty,  
Dreams not fair hope may die,  
    Or trembling sink to earth ;  
A summer flower, it seeks the sun,  
    Unthinking of the rain.

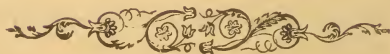
Alas, that bitter rain of woe  
    That dashed the flowers to earth !  
The call which bade our fairest go,  
The frost that laid our lily low,  
Chilled the fair bud with early snow,  
    Ere the bright flower could bloom,  
And left a void within our hearts,  
    A requiem in our mirth.

She left me many a gift below,  
    Remembrance to abide ;  
A golden smile in sunset glow,  
A perfume where the violets blow,



And where the winds roam to and fro,  
A soft Æolian lay ;  
But best of all her spirit left  
*The shadow at my side.*

Sept. 12, 1857.





## THE HAUNTED HOUSE.



THE old brown house on the brow of the hill,  
 With its sentinel poplars stiff and still,  
 How sadly it looms in the moonlight gray,  
 With the crumbling rafters falling away ;  
 And the tall grass waving around the door,  
 To the cricket that chirps on the parlor floor,  
 While the katydid trills out a mournful lay,  
 A song of the past and the passed away.

O woodbine green on the mouldering wall,  
 Ye guardian poplars stern and tall ;  
 O crumbling relics of by-gone years,  
 O tell me your secret of hopes and fears ;  
 Breathe to the night air and wandering wind  
 The legends of story by ages entwined ;—  
 The mysterious story of ruin and ill,  
 Of the old brown house on the brow of the hill.

Methinks there's a voice in the poplar trees,  
 And a low soft wail on the evening breeze ;



List, hearken ! the clock strikes the midnight hour,  
And the past rushes back with mysterious power !  
The house — how it gleameth afloat with light !  
O merry's the bridal that rideth to-night,  
That turneth away from the chancel wide,  
To the old brown house on the green hill side.

But list to the musical notes that swell  
Far over the valley and roll through the dell !  
Ne'er again may we list such a fairy tone,  
As from phantom harpers of years long gone.  
And the old wives tell that the ears that hear  
These ghostly musicians play tuneful and clear,  
Forevermore listen to catch on the wind  
Some echo of music they ne'er may find ;

That those mortals who look on that bridal train,  
The beauty of earth never gaze at again.  
See, see, up the dell ride the bridal pair !  
No daughter of earth shines so wondrous fair,  
The white rose blushes and lilies die  
On a brow with whose whiteness they may not vie ;  
And her hair jasmin decked floweth down her  
neck,  
As a midnight sky which the bright stars deck.

Her eyelashes seem like a shadow laid  
On gardenia's petal, — a delicate shade ;



Her eyes gleam as soft as a pearl of dew,  
Where beams of bright sunshine pour through and  
through ;  
Her lips like begonia's coral shell,  
Breathe odors of kisses and ænomel ;  
Her person the form Aphrodite wore  
When she sprung from the foams on Cythera's  
shore.

They enter the house, how the dancing entwines  
Each fairy-like figure in mazy lines !  
And the song pours forth, and the red wine speeds,  
Still for each new moment, new joy succeeds ;  
Till the stars sink low from the night hours gone,  
And the house in the moonbeams sleeps alone ;  
While the trees long shadows wave to and fro,  
And the moonbeams in argent ripplings flow.

Hark ! what a shriek broke the midnight air !  
A wail of anguish, a cry of despair ;  
See, past the windows, white figures glide,  
O Father in heaven behold the bride ! —  
They have raised her up from the moonlit ground,  
And her pale lips tremble but breathe no sound ;  
While her hair streameth wild like the woodbine's  
tress,  
When the autumn frost steals its comeliness.



Ah, never again may those lips uncloze,  
To breathe the dread secret no mortal tongue  
knows ;

The bridegroom is vanished ; alas, who may see  
To fathom the secret, the dark mystery ?  
For a mist from the grave settles sadly on all,  
And uncertainty shrouds the dark house in a pall :  
Swift the guests shrink away with foreboding of ill,  
Leaving silent and lone the brown house on the hill.

All is silent and drear ! the long years fled away,  
And its tenants are loneliness, mould and decay ;  
The lone villager passing at nightfall the dell,  
Holds some talisman the closer, or mutters a spell ;  
The windows are broken and tapestries flap,  
As a nest for the moth, or a lurk for the bat ;  
Rank weeds fill the pathway, or flaunt o'er the  
eaves,  
Where the spider his web all in solitude weaves.

It is only on Midsummer evening I ween,  
That the fairy-like bridal by mortal is seen ;  
Yet pale phantoms glide when the winter winds  
roar,  
When the autumn's chill gusts pile the leaves on  
the floor.

. . . . .



O traveller passing at midnight the hill,  
Pluck a sprig of the rowan to guard thee from ill ;  
Raise a prayer for the erring, ne'er pausing to see,  
Where the brown house is resting in dread mystery.





## THE MAN IN THE MOON.

A LEGEND OF NORTH GERMANY.

In rosy tinted clouds the day  
O'er western hills had sunk away,  
And rising from the eastern sea,  
The moon in full orb'd purity  
Gazed down on me.

Mellowed the grass and leaflets green,  
Till forest shone in silver sheen;  
Spread costly jewels o'er the ground  
Each tender flower bud all around  
With diamonds bound.

Yet ever in the moon's bright beam  
I see the mystic features gleam  
Of him, who standing ever there,  
May know no mercy, raise no prayer  
To soothe despair.



Who on that day which God has given  
For rest from toil in earth and heaven,  
Unmindful of the Sabbath bell,  
Went forth into the forest dell,  
Brushwood to fell.

Him on the way the Saviour met ;  
“ A moment, friend, dost thou forget  
The heavenly words the writings say,  
Remember thou the Sabbath day  
Due reverence pay ? ”

Answered the churl in scornful mirth,  
“ Whether 'tis Sunday on the earth,  
Or Moonday in the skies we see,  
Say, of what matter can it be  
To thee or me ? ”

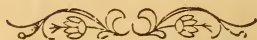
Then all disguise the Saviour broke,  
Thus the God voice in thunder spoke :  
“ Since thus in railing thou dost live,  
Foul jesting for reproof dost give,  
Thy doom receive.

Forevermore till time shall end,  
Eternal Moonday shalt thou spend ;  
Stand, as thou art, in heaven, a sign,  
A monument of wrath divine,  
Till end of time.



Since Sabbaths are profaned by thee,  
Be thou to all futurity  
A warning to all such as dare  
Profane the holy hours with care,  
Heedless of prayer."

Thus ever in the moon's bright beam  
I see the mystic features gleam  
Of him, who standing ever there,  
May know no mercy, raise no prayer  
To soothe despair.





## S N O W .



## I.

O'ER the wood and o'er the meadow,  
Flake by flake the snow descends,  
Till the autumn's varied color  
In one mass of whiteness blends,  
As if heaven its cloudy garments  
To the naked woodland lends.

## II.

On the soul bereaved and lonely  
Gently falls Time's soothing snow,  
Burying the withered blossoms  
In the drifts of long ago ;  
Pouring chrism o'er the spirit,  
Softened radiance on the brow.



## HOPE AND FAITH.



THE night is gloaming o'er the vale,  
Yet on the distant hill  
The hemlocks gazing unto heaven,  
Beam in the sunlight still.  
So in my soul when glomy doubts  
Cast shadows deep below,  
Let some fair tree of hope upspring  
To catch the heaven's glow.

The moon is shining, glimmering  
Through heavy cloudy rifts,  
Which block the far horizon's verge  
In leaden sombre drifts.  
So from my heart when shading woes  
Wrap hope in sombre shroud,  
May some bright ray of faith dart forth  
To pierce the gloomy cloud.



## THE NIGHT.



I sit at my window  
And gaze through the night,  
While the wild autumn leaves  
Brush the blinds in their flight,  
And the far city gleams  
With an halo of light.

The window pane weeps with  
The cold autumn rain,  
And the wind sadly moans  
Like a spirit in pain,  
As if flowerets were gone,  
Ne'er to blossom again.

My spirit resembles  
The cold sighing wind,  
And it weeps like the rain  
For the flowers left behind,  
And mourns o'er the garlands  
The past has entwined.



But the spring tide shall come  
To waken the flowers,  
A morn to the spirit  
All the brighter for showers,  
A glowing effulgence  
Of sunbeam wreathed hours.





## THE SUMMIT.



I STAND on the mountain summit,  
And the villages white outspread,  
Seem sinking to sleep in the quiet woods  
Which canopy overhead;  
And the tall church spires shooting up on high,  
Seem calling a benison down from the sky.

I the summit of life am treading,  
On the mountain's thick wooded side  
Sleep many thought-villages peeping through,  
Where glowing feelings hide;  
But alas, with no spire to shoot up on high,  
To call the rich benison down from the sky.



## THE HEAVENS.



To the vaulted midnight heaven  
As I gaze with the feeble eye,  
How bright each little orb shines out  
On the blackness of the sky!  
But, O what scenes of wonder,  
Where all was dark before,  
When the magic glass reveals the depth  
Of the heaven's hidden store.

In the sky of life are shining  
Bright stars for the feeblest sight,  
To beam upon the poorest mind,  
And the lowliest paths to light;  
Yet untold store of knowledge,  
To watching souls is brought,  
When the heaven of life is gazed upon  
Through the telescope of thought.



## M O U R N I N G .



A LITTLE rosy tinted cloud  
Just at the close of day,  
Mourned that so soon its sunny life  
Must fade in night away.

Outspake a voice — “ O little cloud,  
Grieve not that thou must die,  
Thy tears shall fall but thou shalt live,  
And fruitful golden blessings give  
In earth’s fertility.”

A mourner wept a loved one gone  
To wander with the dead,  
Saw not the glorious spirit flown  
To holier realms o’erhead.

An angel spake — “ Thou saddened one,  
For thee a bliss is given,  
Thy love of earth was all too fond,  
Now the freed soul may soar beyond,  
And build its hope in heaven.”



## N A T U R E .



My mind is like some sullen harp,  
Whose master soul is gone ;  
Whose strings hang listlessly and mute,  
Waiting some breeze of song.

O that a wind of mighty power  
Would burst upon the air ;  
And sweeping o'er the sullen chords,  
Could wake the music there.

My tongue could sing the notes I feel,  
Sweet melodies that thrill  
Responsive to each nature tone,  
And all my being fill.

The deep strong feeling that the grand,  
The beautiful and free,  
In Nature kindles in my soul  
An unsung ecstasy.



Could paint in words the glowing scenes  
In Hope's young day so rife,  
Bid Music's magic numbers tell  
The poetry of life.

Write the sweet song the violets sing,  
The epics of the sod,  
Frame words for thousand prayers that spring  
From blossoms up to God.

For me, I ask no laurel wreath,  
Or claim no myrtle crown ;  
Content fair Nature's breeze to breathe,  
My chaplet, her renown.

I crave not hoarded wealth of words,  
Or stores from ages gone ;  
Enough that Nature be my muse,  
Her myriad notes my song.





## SONGS.



THE songs that I would be singing,  
Are wandering through my brain,  
And my spirit often wonders  
If it ever will sigh in vain;  
Will sigh for some note of music,  
To lift its fair thoughts on high,  
Some chord that may breathe to the listen-  
ing world  
The depth of its ecstasy.

Yet sometimes in midnight silence  
A vision reveals to me  
A starlight of golden pleasure,  
In the night of futurity;  
A breath that shall wake my music,  
A spirit to tune my strain,  
Assurance to tell to the saddening soul  
Its longings are not in vain.



## S H A D O W S .



NAY, chide me not because a shade  
Athwart my life is thrown,  
The sullen cloud may hide the sun,  
But does the brook less gaily run,  
Because its light is gone ?

What if my fairest flowers of life  
In memory only bloom,  
Do we prize autumn blossoms less,  
Because they lack the loveliness  
Of rose entwining June ?

Some blossoms only bloom in shade,  
Or when bright days are flown,  
So dear to me are saddened hours  
Perfumed from fields of Memory flowers,  
Flowers long ago mine own.



## DEAD BLOSSOMS.



THERE'S a shadow that sits by the fireside,  
Though its presence we ne'er may see,  
Till it summons the loveliest round the hearth  
To the realms of uncertainty.  
O shadow that sat at my fireside hearth,  
Thou hast bitterly dealt with me.

There's a phantom-like gardener walketh  
Where our loveliest blossoms grow ;  
There's a heavy and saddening measure  
In our music's loftiest flow.  
From my garden the fairest of flowers is gone,  
And my song is a dirge of woe.



## A D O R A T I O N .



Go forth into the meadow,  
Or wander in the wood,  
Stand on worn rocks where ocean pours  
Its seething, ceaseless flood.

Count the white waves replying ;  
Learn how the flowerets grow,  
The meanest blossom reads to thee  
“ Enough for man to know.”

Turn to the starry heavens  
So dimly understood,  
See countless orbs together move  
In perfect aptitude.

’Tis not in formal ritual,  
Or aisles by custom trod,  
Where’er it turns, in great or small,  
The pure soul worships God.’



## THE CONTRAST.



'THE music of the seaside  
And the dashing of the spray,  
The huge waves grinding on the beach  
Dark boulders worn and gray,  
I leave to those who love them,  
But deeper joy is mine  
In the vastness of the forest  
Where the clinging grape-vines twine.

The sighing of the breezes  
'Mid the ancient mossy trees,  
Is to me a sweeter music  
Than the murmur of the seas;  
And the robins sweetly singing  
Through all the livelong day,  
Sound to my ear far dearer  
Than the dashing of the spray.



'Tis true that all is Nature  
On sea beach or in wood,  
Presenting aspects harsh or soft  
To suit each varying mood ;  
But my spirit blends with Nature  
In union more divine,  
In the vastness of the forest  
Where the clustering boughs entwine





## T H O U G H T S.



THE harp of my life is trembling  
With a breeze of the by-gone time,  
In its low sad notes resembling  
The peal of a distant chime ;  
O would that the spirit's voice could break  
In a passionate burst of rhyme !

For myriad thoughts are welling  
From the spirit's enchanted spring,  
And mysterious tunes are swelling  
With a might that must take wing ;  
And perhaps in the future's untried path,  
The spirit may soar and sing.



## A L O N E.



ALONE in my room while the midnight hour  
Peals sullen and long from the old church tower.

Alone in my room while the clock-beats tell  
How the minutes are speeding past hours to swell.

Alone in my room while the moon's pale beam  
Flows close at my feet in an argent stream.

Alone in my room while the embers' ray  
Shines brightly, then flickers in darkness away.

Alone in my room while my fancy dreams  
How man ever basks in two quickening gleams.

The one his own will and its changing hue,  
Like the flickering light which the embers threw.

'The other a holier radiance given,  
As the moonbeams constant; the smile of Heaven.



## A WINTER SCENE.



THE snow had fallen all the night,  
And earth at morning lay  
Dressed in a bridal robe of white,  
To greet the coming day.

The oaks their long gray fingers shook  
Above the holly green,  
Whose leaves and berries shining look  
As gems in silver sheen.

Far, o'er the river's frozen breast  
The north wind bloweth keen ;  
Near, flocks of piping snow birds rest  
Amid the evergreen.

All silence, save from yonder farm  
Some heifer's plaintive low,  
Nought to disturb the solemn calm,  
To stain the trackless snow.



Bright are the days of summer's pride,  
And fairly bloom her flowers,  
But purer seems the winter tide,  
Brighter its sunny hours.





## H O P E S.



SADLY moaneth the winter's breeze  
Through the drooping arms of the old elm trees.

Sadly respondeth the heart's sad lays,  
Attuned to the music of by-gone days.

Dashing, weeping, the winter's rain  
Falls off in tears from the window pane.

And my eyes are dim with the drops of woe,  
As the heart's sad surges ebb and flow.

Rustling the vines o'er the trellis blow,  
Waving their tresses to and fro.

In the heart's fair garden a tender vine  
O'er a trellis of hopes had begun to twine.

And the eye was bright, and the heart was glad,  
As the desolate walls were with verdure clad.



And the fragrant blossoms a perfume threw,  
As the leaves spread broad and the branches grew.

At night it was fair, but at morn lay dead,  
For the frost of death had breathed overhead.

The hopes were bare, for the love had flown,  
And the breeze may rustle dead leaves alone.

And the eyes are dim with the drops of woe,  
As the heart's sad surges ebb and flow.





## GOD DREW THE WORLD.



God drew the world with artist hand,  
Replete with light and beauty,  
And man the lines might understand,  
Did he but do his duty!  
God drew in lines of living light,  
From morn to evening fading,  
But left to man to fill aright  
Each scene with proper shading.

Alas, how few the scenes we see,  
As Heaven's own mind has kenned them!  
How oft our fancy roaming free,  
Some false perspective lends them!  
Thick mists and darkening clouds arise  
And blur the landscape over,  
The heavenly lines escape our eyes,  
Which seldom we recover.

And so from year to year we trace,  
With strange infatuation,



Lines whose dark shadings but deface  
God's beautiful creation ;  
We view the picture in the ray  
Of pride and self-laudation,  
While angels weep in heaven's own day  
At the disfiguration.

God drew the world with artist hand  
Replete with light and beauty,  
And man the lines could understand,  
Did he but do his duty !  
If to the sky and less to earth  
His artist hours were given,  
True light and shade of angel worth  
Might tint the scene from heaven.





## HOW GROW THE LEAVES?



How grow the leaves in the summer's night,  
'Neath the twinkling beams of the pale star light ?  
When the cricket's chirp in the springing grass,  
And the flowers bend down as the breezes pass,  
When the firefly wings with her golden lamp,  
And the frogs sing shrill in the meadows damp?  
How grow the leaves ?

How dash the waves on the rocky shore,  
With an ever monotonous, ceaseless roar ?  
Sapping the rock with continuous swell,  
Yet wafting the boat of some delicate shell,  
Foaming and mighty and changing and grand,  
How dash the waves, can ye understand ?  
How dash the waves ?

How move the winds thro' the trees' tall plumes ?  
How shed the blossoms their sweet perfumes ?  
How gleam the grain fields with golden light ?  
How glows the fruit with its colors bright ?



How comes the night with its starry train ?  
Who sheddeth the dew and distilleth the rain ?  
Whence do they spring ?

From the guardian hand of a mighty power,  
Who ruleth the ocean, and tinteth the flower,  
Who nurseth the bud and the tree's young frond,  
Who coloreth the fruit and the grain's green wand,  
Omniscient, the smallest are ne'er forgot,  
And though all may change, yet He changeth not,  
Forever the same.





## HEB. IV. 10.



SHE has entered to her rest,  
All her sorrows past,  
Perfect peace its crown hath prest  
On her brow at last.

Long and wearily she toiled,  
Draining sorrow's bowl ;  
Grief each high desire had moiled,  
Pain oppressed the soul.

Yet her eye gleamed ever bright  
From some hid desire,  
As a crystal star at night  
Shines from unseen fire.

Toil and sorrow now are o'er,  
Weariness at peace ;  
Trouble billows vex no more,  
Sin's wild dashings cease.



Long and wearily the way  
To her home she trod,  
Now it fades in perfect day  
In the rest of God.





## A BIDE WITH US.



ABIDE with us, the shadows of the evening  
 Slant from the golden chambers of the west,  
 The pale sad night its convent cloister leaving,  
 Calls dewdrops forth to gem the rose's breast.  
 The darkness thickens o'er the dim horizon,  
 Blest Saviour let thy blessed light abide,  
 Thy presence near, no fear of ill arising,  
 Secure we wait the dawn of morning tide.

Abide with us, the spirit of the sun god  
 Pours floods of light upon a waking world,  
 From heaven's field the armies of the evening  
 Retreat in sullen ranks with banners furled;  
 Around my path the snares of sin are lying,  
 Thy warning voice may bid the soul beware,  
 Alone, the fainting soul sinks weak and dying,  
 Let thy bright sunshine gild the clouds of prayer.

Abide with us, the noonday sun is blazing  
 To coronet with gold the floweret's cup,



The heliotrope to greet its ray is gazing,  
The golden purslane to its God looks up ;  
Yet in the glory shading ills around me,  
Cast deadening ashes on the heart's pure fires,  
Let thy blest influence, dearest Lord, surround me,  
The flame mounts heavenward with renewed  
desires.

Abide with me, cold shadows o'er me creeping  
Benumb the senses, deaden every power,  
A finger points to where the dead are sleeping,  
Jesus, my Saviour, aid me in this hour ;  
Abide with me, till death's dark night unclosing  
The radiant morning of eternity,  
My spirit on thy loving breast reposing,  
Exulting rises to abide with thee.





## THE HOUSE ACROSS THE WAY.



SITTING nightly at my window,  
I had watched a feeble ray,  
Darting through the half closed casement  
Of the house across the way.

Little knew I of the inmates,  
What their station nought could say,  
We lived with a world between us,  
Yet 'twas only 'cross the way.

There they said on bed of anguish  
A fair child of promise lay,  
Told that suffering made her dwelling  
In the house across the way.

Then by kindly feelings prompted,  
There I sent a choice bouquet,  
And a blessed smile seemed wafted  
From the house across the way.



Night by night that feeble shining,  
Streaming forth with steady ray,  
Told of hours of care and watching  
In the house across the way.

Told at last when night had curtained  
In her dusky folds the day,  
All was darkness, all was silence,  
In the house across the way.

No one told an angel spirit  
Had cast off its bonds of clay,  
Few that knew death waved his sceptre  
O'er the house across the way.

Few the mourning friends there gathered,  
Small and poor the sad array,  
As it crept towards the churchyard  
From the house across the way.

Yet methinks a strain of glory  
From the heavens far away,  
Told an angel had been tarrying  
In the house across the way.

Pause, proud spirit, and consider !  
When the powers of life decay,  
Will thy station raise thee higher  
Than the child across the way ?



## THE SEA.



WHEREFORE thy ceaseless mourning,  
Thou dashing, restless sea ?  
Hast thou some hidden yearning,  
Some secret mystery,  
Or has some bitter wrong been done,  
That thou wail'st incessantly ?

Or is thy mournful sounding  
The wail of dying men,  
From inner depths resounding  
Far, far below our ken ?  
Of brave and well tried hearts that died  
On thy tossing billows, when

The briny spray was freezing,  
As hailstones in the air ;  
The winter's storm increasing,  
Left nought to man but prayer —



A prayer to God for timely aid  
In the hour of dark despair.

Long have the children waited,  
Fond hearts been wrung with pain,  
For the loved ones long belated,  
Who ne'er may come again, —  
Go, ask the billows how they died,  
For hoping is all in vain.

O moaning well befitteth,  
Thou dashing, wailing sea !  
How oft thy groan re-echoeth  
From hearts in agony ;  
From hearts that daily watch and break  
In seeking hope from thee.





## WHEN SKIES ARE BRIGHT.



WHEN skies are bright and hearts are light,  
From every joy inviting,  
When every aim success may claim,  
Each ardent wish delighting, —  
'Tis not the hours of sunny flowers  
Affection holds most dearly,  
Or turned on high the spirit's eye  
In loving beams most clearly.

But 'tis when showers have dashed the flowers,  
Hope fluttering, almost flying,  
Lifts far from sight each fond delight,  
And leaves the spirit dying ;  
Then shining bright upon the night  
The star of love is beaming,  
As emerald placed amid the waste  
Some green oasis gleaming.



In winter's hour some little flower,  
In summer crushed and broken,  
Is nursed with care, of warmer air  
And brighter days a token ;  
Thus when the rain of grief and pain  
O'erfloods the soul with sorrow,  
The star of love shines forth above  
As promise for the morrow.





## W A R N I N G S .



MAIDEN, in the flowery spring,  
Listening while the bluebirds sing,  
As the sweet hours onward wing,  
Guard thy heart, O watchfully.

Maiden, in the summer hours,  
When the dewdrops bathe the flowers  
Of the honeysuckle bowers,  
Guard thy heart, O tenderly.

Maiden, when the autumn's breath  
Chills the merry leaves in death,  
Rustling sad thy steps beneath,  
Guard thy heart, O warily.

Maiden, when the winter's time  
SILVERS earth with frosty rime,  
When the night winds sadly chime,  
Guard thy heart, O carefully.



Watch,— if love bear off thy heart,  
Though it hours of bliss impart,  
Thence the springs of anguish start,  
Guard thy heart, O fearfully.





## VERONICA.



BRIGHT blossom, farewell of the Spring,  
First flower in June's young offering,  
Where all are fair I turn to thee,  
Meek emblem of the Deity.

Rightly thy meaning name was given,  
'Thou constant gazer to the heaven,  
" True image " of Almighty power,  
Yet but a simple azure flower.

When sullen clouds have veiled from sight  
The blue expanse, or shady night  
Creeps o'er the landscape, still thy hue  
Is one unchanging fadeless blue.

Would that as thou reflects the sky,  
My soul could mirror from on high,  
And some warm ray of glory shed,  
E'en if the sky be dark o'erhead.



## THE PRESENT.



THE sun rolls westward in its course,  
And night succeeds its shining,  
The stream pours gushing from its source,  
In mazy whirlpools twining ;  
The song is trembling on the lips,  
Then flies we know not whither,  
'The bee the clover's treasure sips,  
Yet ne'er again comes hither.

The leaves are waving on the trees,  
In love dance swinging gladly,  
Kissed by the sunshine and the breeze,  
How soon to rustle sadly !  
When Summer calls her festive train,  
And Autumn yields her treasure,  
How sad 'mid fields of golden grain  
Echoes the zephyr's measure !



In memory of the soft June days,  
The sunny summer reaches,  
The brooks upon their pebbly ways  
Winding among the beeches ;  
Thus day by day, as hours flit on,  
Forever forward ranging,  
We sever from the moments gone,  
Inconstant save in changing.

The pleasures of the present hour  
Are ever onward flying,  
To-day may smile on many a flower,  
To-morrow faded, — dying ;  
Then rouse, O soul, nor waste thy powers,  
In idle, dull repining,  
To-day may blossom many flowers,  
For Heaven thy wreath be twining!





## NOONTIDE.



ON the sultry noon of a summer's day,  
I lie 'neath the linden tree,  
While the scented breath of the new mown hay  
Sheds an incense over me,  
And the odors that drop from the linden's bloom  
Envelope each sense in a sweet perfume.

And the bees hum loud in each flowery cup,  
As they dive for the honied store,  
Till their murmuring melody conjures up  
Bright dreams of the days of yore,  
When in boyhood I played 'neath the linden tree,  
All my hopes and my aims in futurity.

How I curious watched with an eager eye  
The shadows climb up the tree,  
Till they left my sight floating far too high,  
Or dissolved in uncertainty ;  
Since that day I have seen fondest hopes float by,  
And how many grow black in obscurity !



As a boy I would wreath all my head with flowers,  
In manhood I twine them now,  
But the perfume they breathed in my early hours,  
They lose as I pluck them now ;  
For the breezes of memory ne'er may fling  
O'er the summer of life the sweets of spring.

Thus I lie 'neath the shade of a linden tree,  
On the noon of a summer's day,  
And the perfume of flowers calleth back to me  
Sweet dreams that had glided away ;  
Till I dream that the man is a child once more,  
Plucking fancy's flowers in the fields of yore.





## OCTOBER.



THE sleepy haze of the autumn days  
Is basking upon the hill,  
And the willows weep where the breezes sweep  
Adown by the meadow rill;  
Weep tears of gold in the crystal brook,  
And wave their fingers bare,  
For the frost has thrown them a chilly look,  
And left a memory there.

The vines' long hair on the trellis bare  
Sways mournfully in the wind,  
One calm clear night, when the moon was bright,  
Some spirit of cold, unkind,  
With icy fingers had plucked the leaves,  
And left them dry and sere,  
And the naked vine for its garment grieves  
In the cold of the waning year.

And the chickadees in the liveried trees  
Sing cheerily in the morn,



Or from sombre pines as the day declines  
    Chirp out to the yellow corn ;  
And blithesome crickets at noonday trill  
    A merry and cheering strain,  
Each season its measure of good shall fill,  
    And the sun shines after the rain.

O not unkind is the autumn wind,  
    To whirl off the painted leaf,  
Its duty is done, its course is run,  
    And the wind gathers in the sheaf ;  
'Tis a merry reaper, that autumn wind,  
    And he worketh night and day,  
Plucks off the leaves from the bending trees,  
    And garners them all away.

A mantle he weaves of the fallen leaves  
    To spread on earth's bosom bare,  
How his shuttles fly, now low now high,  
    For he worketh the robe with care ;  
Bright golden tintings he weaveth there,  
    With purple and gray and white,  
While the frost sprites border with ermine rare,  
    In the cold of the autumn night.

O not unkind is the autumn wind  
    To gather the harvest home ;  
Well may it be for me and thee  
    When our days of autumn come,



When the frosts of death o'er the spirit steal,  
And the summer days are flown,  
If the parting soul at the last may feel  
Its duty has well been done.





## MY HOMES.



I HAVE a home where the violet springs,  
The blue jay chatters, the bluebird sings,  
Where the oriole's nest in the old elm tree,  
Swings the downy brood in the wind's wild glee,  
Where the bees hum loud and the roses twine  
'Mid the clustering grapes of the sweet breathed  
vine,  
Where the skies are bright and the flowers are fair,  
But the home of my soul is not there, not there.

I have a home 'mid the city's hum,  
Where the voice of Nature is hushed and dumb;  
Where wealth and luxury, art and ease,  
Have vied with their various powers to please,  
Where libraries teem with their classic store,  
And song and music their tribute pour,  
Where all things cheer me and soothe my care,  
But the home of my soul is not there, not there.



I have a home in the realms of air,  
'Tis peopled with beings surpassing fair,  
With hopes of pleasure I ne'er may know,  
The aims and the joys of the long ago ;  
Desires and visions of early youth,  
Hopes dead ere fruition, bright dreams of truth,  
To dwell in these portals I ne'er may dare,  
For the home of my soul is not there, not there.

I have a home in a kindred heart,  
Where the flowers of tenderness ever start,  
The gentlest smiles for my coming stay,  
And ever I'm welcome by night or day ;  
Bright hours of peace, which are too much bliss  
For a life so aimless and poor as this,  
Are mine, but the spirit still roves elsewhere,  
For the home of my soul is not there, not there.

I have a home in the hillside lone,  
'Tis marked by a shaft of a dark brown stone,  
There the birds sing gay in the bending trees,  
The long grass waves in the evening breeze,  
Bright flowers spring gay through the opening  
years,  
And the bluebells chime through a dew of tears,  
My pathway leads to that churchyard fair,  
For the home of the mortal is there, is there.



I have a home, but 'tis far away,  
Yet nearer it seems with each passing day,  
My eye hath not seen it, its dazzling light,  
My ear hath not heard of its glories bright,  
Nor my heart imagined, but still I know  
Its glory surpasses the noontide glow ;  
To dream of its glories I scarce may dare,  
But I know that the home of the soul is there.





## THE HOME OF THY REST.



'THE home of thy rest, O how oft have I gazed  
Far up to the dome of the sky,  
To catch some fair sight of the realm of the blest,  
Some trace of thy home to descry,  
If perchance some bright blossom of heavenly gold  
Might hang o'er the battlements fair,  
Or some glory outstream as the portals unfold  
To receive some new habitant there.

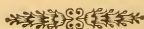
How oft when the curtain of night falls around  
Do I gaze, if perchance I may see,  
'Mid the myriad stars in the silence profound,  
Some trace or some token of thee,  
And list for some whisper to tell to the soul  
The love and affection it knew,  
Ere thy spirit burst forth from the body's control,  
And breathed to my spirit "adieu."



And often I think when the shades of the eve  
Are flecking the light of the day,  
That the eye in the set of the sun may conceive  
Some thought of thy home far away;  
In the gorgeous tintings of purple and gold,  
The dazzling rays of the light,  
My fond longing spirit but strives to behold  
Some view of thy mansion so bright.

O how often I dream of those regions afar,  
Yet wake and the vision is flown,  
And the poor sighing soul may but catch an idea  
Of the glory, and make it its own;  
A thought of the dazzling brightness that streams  
In a flood of omnipotent day,  
A thought of the glory eternal that gleams  
Where no nightfall may shadow its ray.

. . . . .





## TO THE WITCH HAZEL.



WEIRD farewell of the dying year  
To leafless copse and wood,  
Lone blossom of November sere  
To cheer its solitude.

The birds are flown, the flowers are dead,  
The woodland mourns alone,  
Save listing to the partridge tread,  
Or to the jay's shrill tone.

Yet as a fringe on Autumn's dress  
Thy yellow tresses wave,  
As Memory's dreams relieve distress,  
As flowerets deck a grave.

As to the wanderer's eye some star  
May twinkle through the gloom,  
Or trembling glimmer seen afar,  
Foretell his welcome home.



Thus to my soul thy waving tress  
    May more of comfort tell,  
Than if the chaliced loveliness  
    Of summer o'er thee fell.

I would, pale mystic, magic flower,  
    Like thee my life may be  
A welcome in a lonely hour,  
    A smile to misery.

To shed a gleam of cheerful light  
    Where grief's pale garlands twine,  
To prove a star in sorrow's night, —  
    Such, gentle flower, be mine.





## THE DEPARTED.



THEY are gone away, they are gone away,  
Yet their spirits still whisper to me,  
And oft in the clouds of expiring day  
Their angel white robes I see ;  
And the evening breeze as it thrills my ear,  
Or wanders across my brow,  
Has something which tells me the loved are near,  
But I cannot see them now.

There was one who fled in the morning hour,  
Ere a cloud had o'ercast the sky,  
As if some beautiful noonday flower,  
In the flush of morn should die ;  
So softly the perfume to heaven stole,  
We scarcely knew when it fled,  
And a shadow of sorrow fell on the soul,  
When the bright spring flower lay dead.



Another had known all of manly strife,  
And bravely had played his part,  
Had buffeted strongly the waves of life  
With a firm and steadfast heart ;  
Yet a voice was calling we might not know,  
To a region we could not see,  
And his spirit listed the call to go,  
And passed into memory.

I know they are waiting for me to come,  
And oft at the close of day  
I sit and muse on the spirit home,  
In the regions far away ;  
I know they are round me and flitting near,  
They call to the far-off shore,  
And I know when the moments are numbered  
here,  
I shall join the loved once more.





## I SHALL BE SATISFIED.



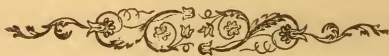
I SHALL be satisfied, the tender blossom  
 May droop in sadness through the dreary night,  
 But the warm sunbeam's gentle kiss shall waken  
 The sleeping buds to revel in the light ;  
 So the sad spirit 'mid this mortal journey  
 May faint and falter on a weary way,  
 Courage, weak heart, the promised home awaiteth,  
 Thou shalt be satisfied, toil on, — and pray.

I shall be satisfied, though hopes deceive me,  
 And pleasures fall to ashes in my grasp,  
 Though fortune friends in hour of darkness leave  
 me,  
 And death bears loved ones from affection's  
 clasp ;  
 Earth's joy may flee and sadness brooding o'er me,  
 May fan with shadowy wings my fevered brow,  
 Yet to the soul a glorious voice is sounding,  
 " Thou shalt be satisfied, — but O not now."



Death, — when the pale and trembling eyelid closes,  
Thin, hard pressed lips never to ope again,  
A weary heart in perfect peace reposes,  
And flowers immortal spring from seeds of pain ;  
Compose the limbs, they call for little caring,  
The conflict over, grief and trial cease,  
A brighter form the weary soul is wearing,  
I shall be satisfied in perfect peace.

I shall be satisfied, when shades of evening  
Spread gorgeous tintings o'er the western sky,  
The flying moments to my soul are breathing,  
I'm nearer, nearer to the rest on high ;  
Patient I wait, for soon shall dawn the morrow,  
To bid the watching one in joy be free,  
The sun of bliss drink up the rain of sorrow,  
I shall be satisfied, my God, in thee.





## TO THE NIGHT BLOOMING CEREUS



STRANGE flower, that open'st on the silent night  
 Thy pearly petals rich with sweet perfume,  
 Monastic blossom, shunning the fair light  
 That crowns the flowerets of the summer's noon.

Alone, when other blossoms weep around,  
 Save where the primrose lifts its dewy cup,  
 And from its golden censer silver crowned  
 Its incense to the heaven offers up.

Alone, when whispering leaves have sunk to rest,  
 And roses sleep upon their dewy bed,  
 When dipping 'neath the river's silver breast  
 The fair Nymphæa laves her graceful head.

Then from a coiling, bristling, thorny stem  
 Breaks forth thy bud of creamy softened white  
 With rays of gold, as some bright diamond gem,  
 To sparkle on the bosom of the night.



To me thou tellest of some gentle one  
Who lived unnoticed in the garish day,  
Unknown, yet little deeds of kindness done,  
Were oft remembered when she'd passed away.

The perfume of her life to heaven shed,  
Outlived the bloom, nor faded when she died,  
But from the silent ashes of the dead  
Returned to bless, renewed and purified.





## THE RECORDING ANGEL.



THE hands were creeping around the dial  
To tell that the year was done,  
And the leafless trees in the evening breeze,  
Gaunt and gray in the fading ray,  
As the year's last twilight was shading away,  
Had bowed to the setting sun.

The wind that had played in summer hours,  
To deepen the rose's hue,  
Or in jasmine bowers to scatter the flowers,  
Sweet and fair in their tinting rare,  
Waving the clematis' silken hair  
As the year grew old had become acold  
Had muffled the storm-clouds in deeper fold,  
And now it had breathed adieu.

Afar in the moonbeam an angel wept,  
The angel to whom is given  
Omniscient to scan every deed of man,



Word or thought, though they pass for nought,  
To the angel's pen are with meaning fraught  
To write in the book of Heaven.

The tear drops fell on the sacred page,  
The tracings were dark and ill,  
But a few hours more and the year was o'er,  
Passed and gone to the shadow land,  
To join the dead ages, a countless band,  
And its record for aye to fill.

The angel turning with tearful eye  
Looked back on the waning year,  
When an old man gray in the moon's pale ray,  
Bearded white in the silent night,  
Had placed in her bosom a child of light,  
Then turned and in icicle shrouding dight,  
Had died on a snowy bier.

Ah, fairly the years young childhood sped,  
The future with good was bright,  
But each passing day as it sped away,  
Nursing the tear and the bitter fear,  
Had told its sad tale to the angel's ear,  
And dark was the scroll to write.

But listen, the clock is striking slow —  
And as the last pealings die,



She closes the book with a tearful look,  
Closes and seals what time ne'er reveals  
Till the final trump through the heaven peals,  
The birth of eternity.

Closed is the record, the year is gone,  
Its shadows and sunbeams sleep  
And its acts of fame and its deeds of blame  
Sealed for aye in the record lie,  
Till a glorious dawn shall suffuse the sky,  
Till a pæan shall rise from the realms on high,  
And borne by an angel minstrelsy,  
The verge of creation sweep.

. . . . .

Soft choral music arose so sweet,  
The angel paused to hear,  
And a glorious throng to a measured song,  
Pacing slow to the metre's flow,  
Were bearing a babe with an holy brow,  
And singing the glad New Year.

The angel smiled on the laughing child,  
And opened a record fair,  
No stain or spot or defacing blot,  
All is light on the page so white,  
It is pure as heaven, as goodness bright,  
No shadow, no shade is there.



O tell, shall the book when days are fled  
Be bright with the rays of prayer,  
And our deeds of right by the angel bright,  
Ne'er to die, be enrolled on high,  
Or dark be the lines in their tracery  
The angel recordeth there ?





## FREEDOM'S DAWN.



Not ever thus! ye cannot check  
The rising soul of man,  
Go, bid the eagle mind thy beck,  
Bound ocean with a span,  
And gather in thy grasp the wind,  
The wild, the free, the unconfined,  
Then crush man's spirit to the earth,  
Ne'er more to rise again.

Not ever thus! from Heaven's throne  
The word has gone abroad,  
Ne'er till oppression is o'erthrown,  
Returneth it to God.  
The groans of years are in that word,  
The prayers of ages all are heard,  
And man shall rise in Freedom's power,  
Rise, ne'er to bend again.

Not ever thus! man must be free,  
Unbowed by might and wrong,



The glimmer of the morn we see,  
The day will break ere long,  
The darkness fades, the east is gray,  
And west and south it takes its way,  
The chains drop off and fetters fall  
Before its glowing light.

Not ever thus ! land of the free,  
Where patriot blood was shed,  
Shall last and latest upon thee  
This sun shine overhead ?  
Shall those who bled for freedom's sake,  
Be last the captive's chain to break,  
And night still dim thy starry crown,  
When all the world is bright ?

Not ever thus ! arouse thee, men !  
Unchain the slave where'er he be,  
Raise the oppressed, the crushed, and then  
Columbia will indeed be free.  
Then brighter will the stars shine on,  
When slavery's darkening stain is gone,  
And north and south and east and west  
Shall echo man is free !



## F L O W E R S .



HERE — there —  
 Everywhere —  
 Swaying pendant in the air,  
 On the tomb,  
 Whereso'er we turn the eye  
 Catches their bright tracery,  
 Which by some fair mystery  
 Cheers the gloom.

Here — there —  
 Everywhere —  
 Spangling the hillside bare,  
 In the grass  
 Nodding silent and unseen,  
 Where the withered leaves have been,  
 And where mossy trunks between  
 Breezes pass.



FLOWERS.

Here — there —  
Everywhere —  
Brightening some lonely lair,  
On the stream,  
Floating on the river's tide,  
Dotted o'er the marshes wide,  
Mirrored from the brooklet's side,  
Like a dream.

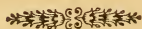
Here — there —  
Everywhere —  
Dull and gay, and dark and fair,  
Drooping low,  
Twining round some ancient tree,  
Clinging close or waving free,  
Shedding sweets for me and thee  
As we go.

Here — there —  
Everywhere —  
Springing freely without care,  
Glowing bright,  
Nurtured near the lordly hall,  
Climbing o'er the roadside wall,  
Shedding o'er the sable pall  
Gleams of light.



Here — there —  
Everywhere —  
Ever welcome, — who would dare  
Scorn the flowers :  
Whispering hope and soothing pain,  
Gentle ones not made in vain,  
From whose teachings we may gain  
Cheerful hours.

Here — there —  
Everywhere —  
Offering up eternal prayer  
To the skies ;  
Thus may we a lesson learn,  
Sun or rain some good discern,  
Thus to heaven forever turn  
Prayerful eyes.





## EVENING HYMN.



I CLOSE my door upon the world,  
    Father, to turn to thee,  
'The bands of night with flags unfurled  
Marshal the shadows, and the stars  
    Peep twinkling silently.

Through the long day thy guardian power  
    Has kept my feet from ill,  
Thy goodness scattered many a flower  
Upon my path ; extend, O Lord,  
    Thy kind protection still.

Secure I lay me down to rest,  
    To wait the morrow's dawn,  
A holy hope illumines my breast,  
I'm one day nearer to my home  
    Than when I rose this morn.



## TO C. A. R. ON HIS BIRTH-DAY.



I HAVE somewhere read  
In the years long sped  
A strange and mystic story,  
How in morning gray  
On a desert way  
Journeyed a hermit hoary ;  
When all around  
On the barren ground  
Streamed rays of heavenly glory.

He was musing lone  
How he might atone  
For sinful thoughts unshriven,  
And a silent prayer  
As an offering fair  
Had lifted the soul to heaven ;  
By an angel bright  
In shining light  
An answer thus was given.



“The saints who sit on highest thrones  
Before the throne of God,  
Are not of those who for praise of men  
Through the vale of penance trod,  
But those whose souls in secret bowed  
To kiss the chastening rod.

Their golden crowns with diamonds shine,  
All small, but yet their light  
Reflects the gleam of the great white throne  
So dazzling clear, so bright,  
That the highest angel veils his face  
In wonder at the sight.

Each moment given to God below,  
And spent in deeds of love,  
Is marked in heaven, a jewel bright  
For a diamond crown above,  
Each holy thought is a gem whose worth  
Eternity shall prove.”

The brightness fled,  
The hermit sped  
More thoughtful on his way;  
His daily life  
With good was rife,  
And he oftener knelt to pray;



The sick he blessed,  
And the poor distressed  
Ne'er turned unheard away.

Years fled away—  
One summer's day  
The glory again was shed;  
He raised his eyes  
To the glowing skies,  
And died;—by the monks 'tis said,  
That a crown of light  
As of diamonds bright  
Was waiting above his head.

So live, dear boy, that each passing day  
May shine with diamonds fair;  
Oft lift thy soul to the throne of God  
On the incense breath of prayer,  
That when death shall open the future's day,  
A crown may await thee there.





## H Y M N .



THE Saviour, ere his footsteps trod  
The last dark way of pain and care,  
Knelt in the garden to his God,  
And found new strength and comfort there.

Gethsemane, thy olives knew  
His bitter agony of prayer,  
His tear-drops mingled with thy dew,  
His groans fell on the listening air.

Seraphic legions from above,  
Throng wondering in Judea's skies,  
To view the crowning work of love,  
The great eternal sacrifice.

"Father, thy will, not mine, be done,"  
In anguished tones we hear him cry,  
The Lord of heaven, the Holy One,  
Bows to the earth, for man to die.



Be still, proud soul, thy Saviour knelt,  
Shall mortal then refuse to kneel?  
For thee he died, thy sins he felt,  
O stubborn heart, wilt thou not feel?

Kneel in contrition to thy God,  
Pray while he gives this mortal breath,  
For he who Calvary's mountain trod,  
Must be to thee, thy life, or death.

Thy death, if he has died in vain,  
If thou canst gaze, and ne'er adore;  
Thy life, for thee he bore the pain,  
For thee he pleadeth evermore.





## NOT OF MYSELF.



Not of myself — alas, how vain  
My noblest efforts to attain,  
My fainting spirit sinks in pain,  
Not of myself, O Lord.

Not of myself — the hill is high,  
'The flowers are dead, the wells are dry,  
No bow of promise greets the eye,  
Not of myself, O Lord.

Not of myself — the sun's fierce ray  
Beats on the path, briers line the way,  
I weep by night, and toil by day,  
Not of myself, O Lord.

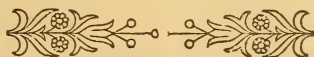
Not of myself — Lord hear my prayer,  
Let not the trusting soul despair,  
Though erring, yet I trust thy care,  
Not of myself, O Lord.



Not of myself — I gaze above,  
E'en in affliction see thy love ;  
To me thy wonted pity prove,  
Not of myself, O Lord.

Not of myself — aid me, O Lord,  
I claim thy promise, trust thy word,  
O leave me not — thy help afford,  
Not of myself, O Lord.

And if at last through heavenly grace,  
My eyes may see my Saviour's face,  
I'll sing e'en in the humblest place,  
Not of myself, O Lord.





## THE PICTURE.



NEAR my bed a picture hangeth of a loved one fled  
away,  
And her silent lips oft whisper to the ear of Memory,  
When the mists brood o'er the streamlets, and the  
gaunt limbs of the trees  
Shake their myriad leaves in anger at the fickle  
western breeze.  
Then a well known voice recalleth hours and  
actions long gone by,  
Draws aside the past's dark curtain to the spirit's  
eager eye,  
Till the cup of memory brimmeth with the wine  
of youthful years,  
Yet the rosy hue is sullied by the drops of man-  
hood's tears !  
Then the spirit quaffs the nectar to live o'er its  
youth again ;  
Oh, alas, the draught is bittered by the drops of  
present pain !



Then those speechless lips seem telling to imagination's ear,

Of some glorious far-off region we may only dream of here.

Rapt in bliss and silent wonder in a trance the spirit lies,

All its nobler thoughts and feelings panting for those distant skies.

'Tis a dream, — I waken, startled, gaze around me all alone,

And see nothing but the picture lighted by the setting moon ;

Yet I know those lips have told me of the moments long gone by,

And of glories they have whispered, splendors of an unknown sky ;

Surer the dear hope arises that in some far distant time

All the glories may await me, when I reach that far-off clime.

So I close my eyes, and peaceful list again the loved one say,

Of the future to the spirit — of the past to memory.

March, 1857.



## ASLEEP IN JESUS.



ASLEEP in Jesus — O the bliss  
 To sink in a repose like this!  
 A rest where neither sin nor pain  
 May ever vex the soul again,  
 Where care and trials, doubts and fears,  
 Ne'er brim the eye with burning tears.

Asleep in Jesus — holy rest,  
 Portal to mansions of the blest,  
 Sweet prelude of all sin forgiven,  
 Asleep on earth, to wake in heaven;  
 Asleep in peace in Jesus here,  
 To wake in joy with Jesus there.

Asleep in Jesus — O for me  
 Let this my final portion be!  
 A rest where sorrows all are o'er,  
 Where doubt may vex the soul no more;  
 Asleep in Jesus — on his breast  
 Where bliss is perfect — hope at rest.



## S O R R O W .



HOPE not thou in life's long journey  
Flowers will ever gem the way,  
Hopes will ever gain fruition,  
Golden apples ne'er decay!  
Dream not skies are sunny ever,  
Breezes soft and nature bright,  
Or that stars shine gleaming away,  
Diamonds in the hair of night!

Think not when the sun is beaming  
Clouds and mist will ne'er arise,  
Or that joy will gaze upon thee  
Ever with her dancing eyes!  
Daybreak seems more bright from darkness,  
Blossoms glisten from the rain,  
And thy joy will shine the brighter  
When 'tis sanctified by pain.

Every day shall show from heaven  
Some new birth of sun or shade!  
By each night to our new vision  
Some new glory be displayed:



Trials,—sorrows,—so we term them,—  
Are not to us what they seem ;  
Other names the angels call them,—  
We see darkly,—in a dream.

Every hour they walk beside us  
Veiléd angels — clothed in shade,  
Onward guiding us in silence  
To the realm where night shall fade.  
What if oft our mortal senses  
Quiver at their warning hand,  
In the ray of God's effulgence  
They as shining angels stand.

As we near the holy portals,  
As its day-beams on us shine,  
Fade the dark robes of the angels  
In unshaded light divine ;  
We shall hail them — sent of heaven —  
Messengers of peace and love, —  
Our dim tear drops change to diamonds,  
In the holy light above.







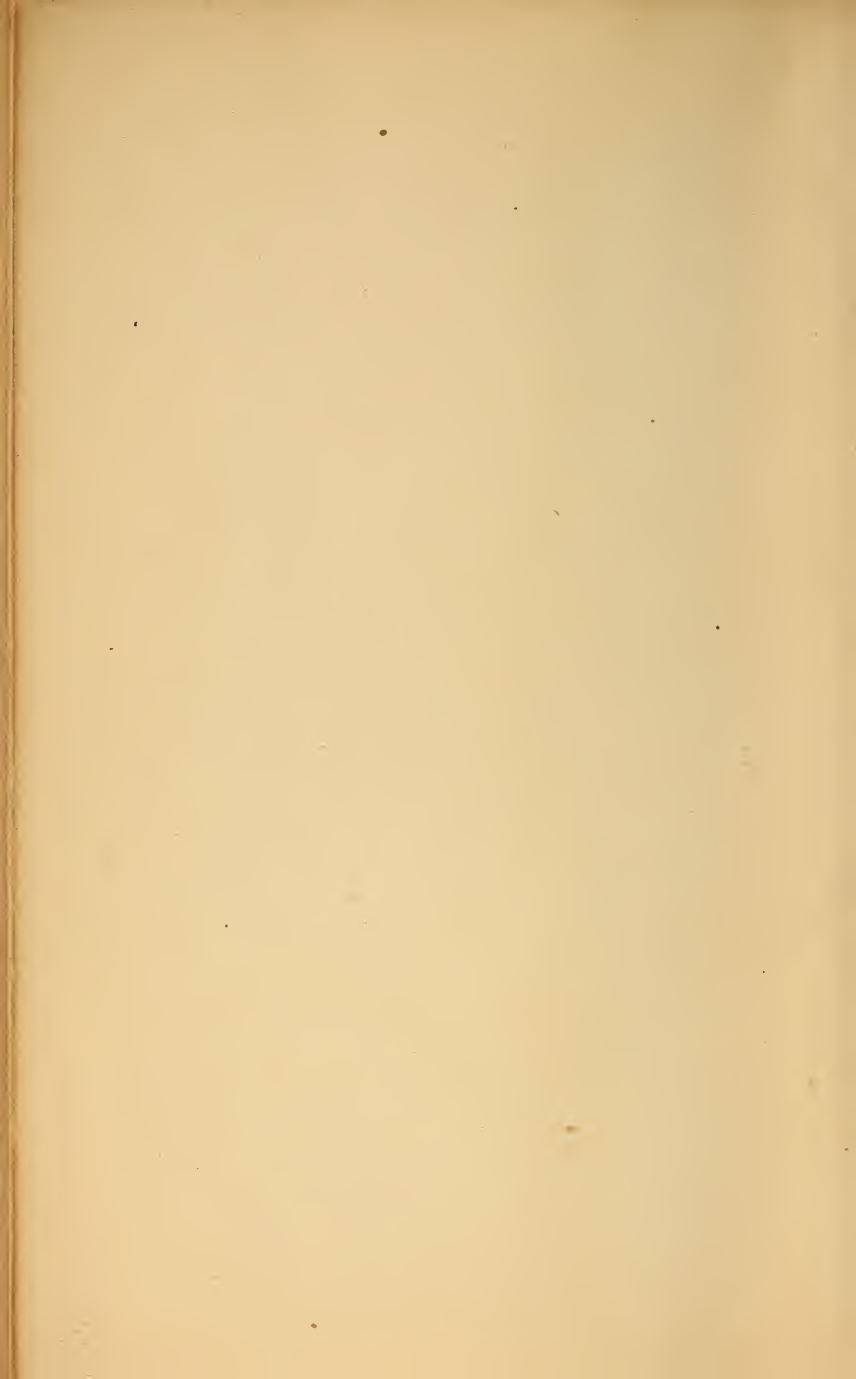


















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